

THE MONTH

AUGUST, 1924

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BERNARD SHAW'S ST. JOAN

MANY, like myself, must have disliked intensely the idea of Bernard Shaw writing a play on St. Joan. Courtesy and chivalry were demanded of all who would speak or write of her, and now she was to fall into the hands of a second Anatole France, while this time the mocking would be less delicate and more offensive. The bad taste so evident in *Androcles and the Lion*, with its cheap and incompetent criticism of Christ and Christianity, had forced those who love reverence to regard Mr. Shaw as little better than a mountebank with a glib tongue and abounding assurance. Moreover, there was reason for thinking that he would not make even a good stage play out of this subject. His *Back to Methuselah* showed obvious signs of a decline in his power. The dialogue, save for one or two passages, was tedious, the action of the play uninteresting, the ideas silly.

Then *St. Joan* was performed and, to one's surprise, all who saw it concurred in praising it as a play. Some had no fault to find at all, others admitted that this St. Joan was not their conception of the Saint but liked the character, because she was a heroine and no caricature. Others again felt something wrong, and a few, while owning the fascination of the play, saw intended an insidious attack upon the Catholic Church. At any rate, one's worst fears were not realized; St. Joan was not made a target for witty shafts; in fact it looked as if, at long last, an old and genuine affection had found expression and produced a better play than any the author had hitherto written.

And now the publication of the play in book form¹ with the customary long preface confirms this impression. The play does stand, perhaps, supreme among his many others, and for the very reason that one would have thought impossible, the justice he has rendered to a saintly character. Of course the old Adam is still alive in Mr. Shaw; he is still at the mercy of a clever wit, still an iconoclast. The characters talk Shavinese, and St. Joan has lost that super-

¹ *St. Joan*, a Chronicle Play in Six Scenes and an Epilogue. By Bernard Shaw (Constable: 6s. net).

natural beauty which few save the Catholic-minded can appreciate. There are times when, despite his satire against those who ignore the spirit of the mediæval world, he himself is irredeemably modern. Cauchon actually talks of a "Will to Power" as if he had sat at Shaw's feet; the Archbishop throws off remarks about the Greek "Hubris" and its chastisement; an organ plays the people out of the nave after the coronation of the Dauphin! Details these, which may be easily forgiven, because the sincerity of the play as a whole is beyond question, and the author has taken great pains to capture the spirit of the time.

In his Preface, and it is with the Preface, as being the expression of his mind, that we are mainly concerned, the ideals of the Mediæval Church and Feudalism are trenchantly contrasted with the boasted excellence of our own times. Catholics will purr with contentment and Protestants rub their eyes when they read the following:

Perhaps I had better inform my Protestant readers that the famous Dogma of Papal infallibility is by far the most modest pretension of the kind in existence. Compared to our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible judges, and our infallible parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before the throne of God, asking only that as to certain historical matters ¹ on which he has clearly more sources of information open to him than anyone else his decision shall be taken as final.

While those who are made perfect in a little while by reading modern text books will not know which way to look when they are asked which would be the saner Joan,—

the one who told them the story of the angel and Mary, or the one who questioned them as to their experiences of the Edipus Complex? the one to whom the consecrated wafer was the very body of the virtue that was her salvation, or the one who looked forward to a precise and convenient regulation of her health and her desires by a nicely calculated diet of thyroid extract, adrenalin, thymin, pituitrin, and insulin, with pick-me-ups of hormone stimulants, the blood being first carefully fortified with antibodies against all possible infections by inoculations of infected bacteria and serum from infected animals, and against old age by surgical extirpation of the reproductive ducts or weekly doses of monkey gland? . . . Which is the healthier mind, the saintly mind or the monkey-gland mind?

¹ Mr. Shaw evidently includes the fact and content of revelation as belonging to History.

Polemically and as a counterblast this is excellent; but it remains to be seen whether the exaggeration apparent in this outburst does not distort also his vision of the Middle Ages and the Maid. And on the answer to this question hangs the truth of his thesis,—for, as usual, it is a thesis he is exploiting in the play.

According to him, St. Joan was in her convictions and character the protagonist of private judgment, of what he calls Protestantism. Consequently she came into conflict with the feudal and ecclesiastical ideas of her time. The Church which claimed to be the ultimate court of appeal in religion, the sole authority in matters of conscience, had to suspect the strange girl who preferred her voices to the Pope and Cardinals, and appealed directly to the will of God. The feudal lords, also, who barred kingly supremacy and the principle of nationality, were incensed at the simple faith of St. Joan in kingship and in the right of the French to rule in France, no matter what feudal rights the English might claim. Both sides acted rightly according to their lights; there were no villains in the piece, and the tragedy lay in the fact that there was no way out for the Church save to burn St. Joan for heresy. In keeping with the idea St. Joan is a simple, downright, pure Christian with an unquestioning belief in her voices. She never mentions the authority of the Church; she makes no appeal to the Pope, and the sole accusation that carries weight, for which she is condemned, is heresy. Cauchon is whitewashed; he is not the creature of tradition, in the pay of the English and disgracing his office, but a Bishop sensible of his duty to the Church and of the danger of heresy, and too proud, however much tempted, to put political considerations first. The Dominican Inquisitor, Brother John Lemaître, again, personifies the zeal of the Catholic Church; he is severe but just, high-minded if narrow, while a fellow Dominican, Ladvenu, is skilfully delineated as a saintly and merciful man, who does all in his power to save Joan from the burning. On one point alone is he adamant, the duty of submitting one's judgment to the Church.

In his Preface, Mr. Shaw frankly acknowledges that he has touched up the characters of Cauchon, Lemaître and Warwick, but this sacrifice of verisimilitude was required to mark, within the short compass of a play, the true bearing of St. Joan's story. This would be sufficient justification, if

the truth of the story were helped, but the danger is that the touching-up is made to suit Shaw's interpretation. The characters are made to stand for certain types, and in the play they are conscious of what they stand for. Now Shaw admits that in fact they would have been "as unconscious of the peculiarities of the Middle Ages as of the atomic formula they breathed"; but he has to make them conscious, not only of those peculiarities, but of what he considers to be the centuries-later development of those peculiarities. This invites error and gives a touch of unreality to the dialogue. To mention feudalism first; there was no such clear-cut division between feudalism and nationalism as Warwick is made to state. One has only to pick up the thirteenth-century chronicle of de Joinville and read of Sir William Longsword to see that feudal conceptions did not run counter to a true sentiment of nationality. It is simply untrue to say that "Nationalism is essentially anti-Catholic and anti-Christian; for the Catholic Church knows only one realm and that is the realm of Christ's Kingdom." There is an anti-Christian nationalism, certainly; but it is unmistakably a bastard conception. A similar error, unless I am mistaken, underlies Warwick's assertion that the Maid's ideal of kingship is anti-feudal. Shaw, with some justification, seems to be confusing Absolute Monarchy, a Protestant gift, which Joan never dreamt of, with the perfectly legitimate kingship of the Middle Ages based on rights and duties.

Warwick, the mediæval baron, is therefore not true to type, and the same criticism holds of Cauchon and the Church party. It is extremely improbable that Cauchon would have likened Joan to Mahomet as an equally pernicious champion of private judgment,—two mighty pillars of Protestantism! Such exaggeration and simplification may provide a good story, but please let us give up calling it historical truth. Forced by his thesis, Shaw is compelled unconsciously to emphasize and omit facts and so give a false perspective, despite the best of intentions to be faithful to the facts. For instance, he makes much of the accusation of heresy and minimizes the superstitious fear of the Maid and the many incidents in the trial which showed its irregularity and the preponderating influence of fear, spite and hatred. St. Joan, it is implied, set her voices against the Church, reckes nothing of its authority, whereas so steeped was she in the spirit of Catholicism, so simple in her faith, that she failed to under-

stand the point of the accusation, and in her innocence appealed to the Pope as a sure judge of her fidelity and guiltlessness. There is no mention of this appeal; instead, the tribunal which convicted her, a tribunal in no way immune from error, but local and prejudiced, is made to stand for the authority of the Church of God. There was nothing inconsistent in the Pope rehabilitating the Maid and condemning the unfair trial of 1431.

In his portrait of St. Joan, Mr. Shaw labours under a difficulty. He admires her intensely and makes us too admire her; but he has to see her as a saint thoroughly Catholic and mediæval and yet as no saint and a stout Protestant. Hence he has to explain away her voices and yet defend them, for, as usually happens with Catholic saints, their lives are integral; they have to be taken whole or not at all. He calls the voices hallucinations, but healthy hallucinations, the kind of experience that people who are visualizers are apt to enjoy or suffer. He dismisses their reality on the ground that they failed her during the trial, an argument as convincing as that of the sceptic who denies the validity of perception because we sometimes mistake a friend approaching. Instead then of accepting them he falls into the very vice he upbraids in his Preface,—the over-credulity of the modern; he shows himself the victim of an hallucination, the hallucination of unproved psychology,—though Francis Galton, whose word he takes, is not such a “high panjandrum” as he thinks, and is, truth to tell, rather antiquated. He ignores many facts which tell against the facile theory of hallucination; so far from desire producing the message of the voices, Joan did not want to go on her crusade and fight; it took years before she was finally persuaded. Then her “hallucination” did succeed in making her prophesy victory, give a secret sign to the Dauphin which settled his doubts, discover an ancient sword buried in the chapel of Ste. Catharine de Fierbois, and foretell, as we know from a letter of Sire de Rotslaer, dated April, the actual events of the summer. This Joan, who by trusting her voices, saw and did what was more than natural, who spent hours in prayer, who was approved at the beginning of her career at Poitiers by a learned gathering of bishops and doctors, differs from the Protestant born out of due time who figures in the play.

And this coupling of her name with Protestantism brings

us to the crucial point in Mr. Shaw's thesis. It is best stated in his own words. He says that "an irresistible force met an immovable obstacle and developed the heat that consumed poor Joan." Joan stood for the supremacy of free thought, for Protestantism, while the Church ever stands uncompromisingly for authority, for intolerance of free thought and the law of change. "The saints and prophets, though they may be accidentally in this or that official position or rank, are always really self-elected, like Joan." . . . "All evolution in thought and conduct must at first appear as heresy and misconduct." Therefore, if the Church is to be a perfect body, it must admit "that no official organization of mortal men whose vocation does not carry with it extraordinary mental powers, can keep pace with the private judgment of persons of genius . . ."

A Church which has no place for free-thinkers, nay, which does not inculcate and encourage free-thinking with a complete belief that thought when really free, must by its own law take the path that leads to the Church's bosom, not only has no future in modern culture, but obviously has no faith in the valid science of its own tenets, and is guilty of the heresy that theology and science are two different and opposite impulses, rivals for human allegiance.¹

And so Mr. Shaw sees some hope in the Church's canonization of Joan of Arc, for it "was a magnificently Catholic gesture, as the canonization of a Protestant saint by the Church of Rome."

Such is Mr. Shaw's thesis, and at first sight it may sound very plausible. But let us examine it carefully. There is first an ambiguity to be noticed. A *Protestant* saint has been canonized by the Church of Rome! But does Shaw really mean Protestant? The use of such an epithet must inevitably call up in the mind that species of Christianity which Luther and Calvin started,—a form which, if it does not signify something specifically Christian, signifies nothing

¹ Notice that in this passage the Church is taken to be a purely natural institution, just in fact what it says it is not. If Shaw were right it would lose its *raison d'être* and not bother to live on. If it is right, the whole of Shaw's argument is wide of the mark. His attitude is rationalism and does not entertain the idea of the supernatural nor even of Theism; for, if God existed, He could easily guide His Church in truth; and the Church could test free-thought and take over what is true in it and reject the false, as it does. The conflict then Shaw speaks of, so far from being necessary would simply not exist. Yet as Shaw, to judge from the words quoted, now sees and respects the possibilities of the Catholic Church, please God he may come to see that there is still more in it than he suspects.

at all. But Shaw in many places means by Protestantism something quite different. In his mind it stands for free-thought, for the unfettered supremacy of reason, for the law of evolution and change. I wonder whether Protestants will be pleased at finding that the Christianity they have preached and practised and defended these three and more centuries turns out to be nothing else than free-thinking. Whatever they feel, it is clear that Mr. Shaw has "queered the pitch" by his application of the word to the naturalistic rationalism which is the secular foe of Catholicism. This free-thought is coloured, moreover, by a curious philosophy. The gospel of Man and Superman still makes itself heard, the gospel of a vague Power behind the forces of nature, which pursues its mysterious purpose in life, driving men to knowledge and power and issuing in remarkable personages, like St. Joan. He calls it in the Preface "The Evolutionary Appetite." I mention this only to make definite Shaw's argument and to submit that St. Joan would have listened in amazement to such doctrine and despite her lack of learning given it short shrift with her tongue.

Forget this peculiar philosophy, and the conflict of free-thought and Catholicism as stated by Shaw turns out to be nothing but the old, familiar dispute between the Church's claim to the possession of unchanging truth and the counter-claim of the non-Catholic philosopher, scientist and rationalist that truth is never absolute, but progresses and suffers a change in each succeeding age. The position of the Church on this subject is clear and well known, and, to the Catholic, impregnable. She is the representative of the Divine Word which descended from Heaven, the word of Truth shining in a human and therefore necessarily confused world. This Word is still being pronounced and ever will be to the end of time, and the Church would commit suicide and make Christianity a fable were she to admit that God's Revelation through her could suffer substantial change or emendation by the exercise of the human mind. Even in natural philosophy she maintains that it is in the accidents of life that change occurs and not in the fundamental truths, for, if man be man, he must, whatever age he live in, have some abiding truth to live by.

But, we may grant that to the accidents of life the Church may give at times inadequate attention; she may be slow to accept a new scientific discovery, slow to adopt a new

political theory. Were she not conditioned by her human constitution, she might reach the ideal of being abreast of all the learning of the world, because her interests are world-wide, and she alone can gather up all the fragments of truth from any particular science into a complete and shining system. But even granted her overcaution, dilatoriness and conservatism, her essential life remains intact as long as she sets forth to every age the faith once delivered to the saints.

It is a pity to drag St. Joan into such a discussion, for St. Joan's life has nothing to do with it, not even if we limit the exercise of free-thought to the sphere of religion, as Mr. Shaw inclines to do. St. Joan had no creed like Luther's opposed in its essence to that of the Catholic Church. A sharp distinction must be drawn between those who propound a new faith, setting up their own authority against the divinely-guaranteed doctrine of the Church, and those who, within the Church, receive special gifts from God for a definite purpose. With these latter the Church surely does not act unwisely. The authorities admit private revelation, particular missions, for there is nothing contrary there to the rule of faith given by God once and for all.¹ Yet such revelations must be tested. Nowadays we do not need to be told how easily delusion might creep in, and how impotent the highly-stimulated mind may be to distinguish the true from the false. Therefore the value of the vision or revelation must first be established, and then the moral character of the prophet or visionary put to the trial, for unless such virtues as humility, patience and wisdom be conspicuous, there is little chance of the message being divinely-inspired. Mistakes in policy, too, may be made by ecclesiastical authority; even ugly blunders: the history of the Church shows not a few instances of such blunders, the most glaring of all, perhaps, being the burning of St. Joan at the instance of an episcopal court. But as there is no question here of infallibility, no question of heretical teaching denounced authoritatively, such blunders in no way make against the claims of the Catholic Church.

Where heresy is publicly taught, the case is different, and no doubt Bernard Shaw is thinking of doctrinal teaching at variance with that of the Church put forward on private authority. "Our Churches must admit that no official

¹ Such, for instance, as those of St. Juliana of Liège which gave rise to the festival of Corpus Christi, and of St. Margaret Mary which made devotion to the Sacred Heart more universal in the Church.

organization of mortal men . . . can keep pace with the private judgment of persons of genius . . .” “It is not possible that an official organization of the spiritual needs of millions of men and women, mostly poor and ignorant, should compete successfully in the selection of its principals with the direct choice of the Holy Ghost, as it flashes with unerring aim upon the individual.” This might hold true if the organization were merely human, but it is emphatically not true of a Church, which is founded by God, instructed in the wisdom of God and divinely assisted by the Spirit of God. And the proof is that no one can point to a single new religious truth which has sprung up and become a part of Catholic faith, independently of Catholicism and in defiance of it. Every heresy has, sooner or later, been rightly anathematized as a mutilation of God’s truth, and history has shown it to be such by its rapid decay or reabsorption into other beliefs. The “genius” of the heretic has manifested no traces of the work of the Holy Ghost, and Mr. Shaw is far too clever a man to believe that Luther’s doctrine of faith, Calvinism, Quakerism or Mormonism are advances upon the Catholic ideal. Indeed, Catholicism has from the beginning triumphantly asserted that its ideal can never be surpassed, for it is an ideal which in its very fabric betrays the mark of Divinity, the ideal made Flesh! And therefore it is that the Church has been able to include in her fold the long series of religious geniuses, Augustine, Hugh of St. Victor, Peter the Hermit, Bernard, Francis, Ruysbroeck, Teresa and Joan, many of them saints, and all of them gifted with special individual graces of the Holy Spirit. They were none of them prophets of revolt; their inner experiences were always brought to the test of Catholic tradition; they were far from thinking that the promptings of the Holy Ghost could be against the work of the one and the same Spirit in the Church; and thus they give the lie to any worked-up theory about the incompatibility of religious genius with organized religion. Mr. Shaw, for all his powers of intuition, has still much to learn about the essence of Catholicism. We thank him for his sympathy with St. Joan, but we protest against his making her a “Protestant.” In life as in death she was an obedient child of her Mother, the Church, who by canonizing her has put that fact beyond dispute.

M. C. D’ARCY.

DOES CATHOLIC TRAINING MAKE LITTLE BIGOTS ?

FROM time to time, and with due solemnity, some great scholar or prominent divine discovers and proclaims to the world, a truth of religion known as a commonplace to Catholic school-children. Big newspapers, too, sometimes put us all in their debt by calling attention to some quite new social menace, the evil of which has been perceived and denounced by the Catholic Church for years and centuries. We have recently seen nearly half-page headlines and generous display given by a big London daily to the stealthy menace of Communist Sunday schools. While from a different authority we learn that pressure may be felt tending to squeeze out our Catholic schools. It is certainly a wonderful life!

The growing volume of protests against those Sunday schools can take care of itself. I am concerned here with what those protests signify.

From the action of that newspaper we may gather that the outcry against the teaching given in those Sunday schools is at least desirable, if not yet quite articulate and general. Presumably, then, Catholics are not the only people prepared to declare that a certain kind of religious teaching shall not be given to their children, and should not be given to any children: that religious opinions do matter; that it is not, after all, quite reasonable or wholesome to allow children to "hear both sides, and form their own opinion." Further along that road lies the recognition that the Catholic Church has been quite reasonable and logical in insisting upon Catholic teaching for Catholic children in Catholic schools.

"Not necessarily," someone may reply; "for the teaching of those Sunday schools is not exactly religious; the evil which they will do is calculated to affect this life here; it would bring disaster to society in this world; its results would be evident in terms of human suffering and poverty, in terms of flesh and blood, not to mention pounds, shillings and pence: whereas, the evil which the Catholic Church sees in the teaching of what she calls a false religion, only concerns men's souls; it is a matter more of the next life than of this."

To which I may add that "only" is pretty good. It is also very false.

The fact is that this is quite a naughty world; and the world does not worry when you tell it so. Men are neither machines nor little angels. And even women have passions and things: like pride and prejudice and ambition and hatred and envy. It is all perfectly proper and respectable, of course, as a rule; but there it is. And sometimes it gets out of hand, and smothers the finer instincts of duty and courage and truth, gentleness and patience and love, and so on. And at such times, something stronger is needed than the sanctions of any merely natural ethic. Given proportionate provocation, most men could be relied upon to defy the commonly accepted standards of natural morality. These things are platitudes, doubtless; but the final petitions of the Lord's Prayer are probably more widely efficacious than we know. Which possibly makes those platitudes look rather more interesting. Most of us, probably would have lost the remnants of our reputation, if we had had the temperament and the temptations of a Bluebeard, or a Macbeth, or a Martin Luther. Was it *Punch* that contributed to some latter-day remedies for social evils, the meek suggestion of the Ten Commandments?

Anyhow, experience has been proving every day since the days of the cave-men, that natural morality collapses very readily unless it stands on the foundation of supernatural sanctions: unless it can appeal beyond itself to a Lawgiver, Personal, All-wise, All-powerful. Human reason is at least its own equal; and human reason knows it. And in that knowledge lies the explanation of the ease and the increasing success with which the sanctions of a natural ethic may be defied. To-day, you simply call the inconvenient law a "convention," and the thing is practically done. Call it also narrow, or antiquated, or slavish, or cruel, or superstitious, and you may safely take it that your particular transgression is justified. Get someone to write a novel or a play about it, and in due time you may expect an Act of Parliament making it legally right and perhaps compulsory, and socially correct and respectable.

Nevertheless, the result of all this can be in only one direction. It can tend only to make men—and women too; God help us!—less appreciative of truth and duty, less appreciative of gentleness and self-control, more selfish and hard,

more voluptuous and mean. And so indeed it must be. It is one of the penalties of trying to improve upon the information, the commands, and the advice given by Christ the Son of the Living God.

If, then, you teach your children, or allow them to be taught, by word or by act, that those things do not matter supremely, you are something more than an optimist if you think that they are sure to form a tolerably accurate judgment of those things "later on." For as a sane, practical man, you know perfectly well that their contact with explicit Christian teaching "later on" will be rather infrequent than frequent, mostly spasmodic, largely accidental, and most probably already adversely prejudiced.

Any ass can talk facile nonsense about "training up little bigots." But the man who can talk in that manner is talking either with his tongue in his cheek, or with his brains in Bedlam. And if he is an educated man he deserves to be told so.

In point of fact, it is precisely to secure that Catholic children shall not become either little or big bigots, that Catholics insist that they shall receive Catholic teaching from Catholic teachers in Catholic schools. And the elementary theology of it all is simply this:—

Divine Revelation being what it is, the human race is faced with the obligation of accepting it. If that is not so, then, in the act of Revelation, God perpetrated an act that was either futile or aimless or both. For when an intelligent person affirms anything, he expects to be believed, or at least challenged. And to challenge God is the limit of unreason. So Catholics think, anyhow.

But nobody can believe what God has revealed until he knows that God did reveal it: he must know the *fact* of Revelation. He must know also the fact of God's existence, and the fact of God's authority, *i.e.*, God's wisdom and veracity. Otherwise he has no evidence that God's alleged Revelation is in any way credible.

Somehow, then, he has to obtain certainty that God has spoken. He cannot get this certainty from Faith itself, from Revelation, from Divine Authority; for the intervention of Divine Authority is precisely the point to be verified. He must get it, therefore, either from human authority, or from the activity of his own reason, working on the various indications and arguments within his own intellectual reach.

Human authority will not help decisively. It cannot replace the personal consideration which every normal person must give to the motives of credibility, before he can make an act of reasonable Faith. Nevertheless, the human authority of parents and teachers does serve to apply the mind to the truth to be considered. Further, it helps the mind to perceive more clearly and more fully the significance of that truth. And it finally provides a relative certainty, valid enough for the needs of children and of the uncultured, who, at the dictate of right reason, recognize that they may and they must, in all common sense and prudence, follow the teaching of more instructed persons whom nature has provided as their guides.

Thus, then, by human faith, they obtain knowledge of the *fact* of Divine Revelation; and, grace apart, they obtain it very much as they obtain knowledge of the fact of the Battle of Hastings, or the altitude of Mount Everest,—by the same methods, and with the same reasonable certainty. Afterwards,—how soon or how late, need not concern us here,—they proceed to form the judgment that belief in the revealed truth on account of God's authority is both reasonable and obligatory. They will not express it in those words, of course; though, indeed, they will sometimes put it with a clear precision and cogency of argument quite surprising to those without experience of children in Catholic schools. There is less room for surprise when we remember the practical advantages secured to the child at Baptism, when the *Habit* of Faith was infused into the soul, and the soul was raised to the power of dealing with supernatural things. With that habit came Gifts like Wisdom and Understanding to help the intellect to see the significance of those things, and piety to move the will towards God. Supernatural gifts, these; but realities of human experience, none the less, and they make the whole of this process easy and attractive.

But this human authority is only accidentally, and indeed transiently, sufficient. It is sufficient only on account of personal and transient difficulties in reasoning powers. And sooner or later, reasonable faith will demand of the normal individual a personal consideration of the motives of credibility. And here it is that the final necessity of early Catholic training shows itself. It is indispensably required as a preparation for this very psychological moment. It all looks forward to this moment. It all aims, explicitly or implicitly,

at putting the young mind in a position to make that crucial judgment justly and soundly, in accordance with the evidence. And common sense says that incomplete evidence is likely to be as useless as no evidence at all, and probably much more mischievous. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The point which should stand out now is this: The object of Catholic schools, so far from being the fixing and cramping of the young mind into one attitude, one point of view, one set of prejudices, is, in point of fact, precisely the contrary. It is the equipping and training of the young mind to meet that psychological moment, when it will be called upon to formulate its own judgment of credibility, to stand by its own strength, natural and supernatural, inherent and acquired; to give personal consideration to the reasons for concluding that Divine Revelation is credible, and that therefore, belief in the content of that Revelation is both reasonable and obligatory. In other words, Catholic schools are there, not to train up little bigots, but precisely to give reasonable faith a chance to grow where otherwise bigotry will spring of itself, as readily, and as stubbornly, and as certainly as any other evil weed. Certainty of established truth is not bigotry. Bigotry is obstinate blindness to truth.

It is the evidence, then, that matters. And Catholic schools are there to give human beings this evidence of credibility; to show them its significance; to train them and equip them, as thoroughly as possible, for that first personal judgment of credibility which leads to their destiny; to secure that, by a personal act of their own reason, they shall come into conscious personal relationship with their God,—and this, as nearly as possible, coincidently with their earliest use of their reason. Deprive them of that, and you deprive them of the fullness of their life. You also head them straight for stacks of unnecessary trouble.

Even Communist Sunday schools, then, can illustrate the truth that despair and hatred spring from falsity, as surely as Hope and Charity to God and man are founded on Faith in Truth. Even Communist Sunday schools can serve to show that beliefs do matter: that creeds and dogmas and formulas must make a difference for weal or for woe.

Yet the indications are, we are told, that pressure may be felt tending to squeeze out schools that are Catholic. Certainly, it's a wonderful life!

H. E. CALNAN.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER VISITS MALTA

SIXTY-TWO years after the death of St. Francis Xavier, Father Claude Acquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus, ordered that the right arm should be detached from the Saint's body in Goa and sent to Rome. In 1922, the tercentenary year of the Saint's canonization, the inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Navarre asked that the Holy Relic should be sent to them for local veneration. The tour which it eventually made, owing to successive petitions of the sort, extended over many cities of Spain, France and Italy. Finally, the Archbishop of Malta, after making every effort to gain the same favour for his flock, succeeded only this year in overcoming all difficulties through the kind offices of Father Leanza, late Rector of the Jesuit College in Malta. It may be of interest, as illustrating the traditional veneration of the Church for the mortal remains of those who have attained heroic sanctity, to record some details of the "progress" through Malta made by that wonder-working arm which in life had been the instrument of baptismal regeneration to such myriads of heathen and had wrought such stupendous miracles. The following are notes made at the time and on the spot.

Sliema, *26th May, 1924.* I have come to the conclusion that I do not really know my countrymen. A long stay abroad may perhaps have dimmed my impressions of the extraordinary religious vitality of this island people. I did not conceive that the most ardent belief could have expressed itself as it did in the welcome that the Maltese gave to St. Francis! This first day, St. Francis was the only policeman the people would obey. The Holy Relic entered Valletta in a state carriage, guarded by a few mounted police, and was enshrined at St. John's, soon to be filled with a struggling chaotic mass. The Maltese crowd *is* disorderly and undisciplined and unthinking: it only draws the line at what it considers downright irreverence in church, putting a stop, for example, to the slightest beginning of unbecoming loudness. The police within the Church of St. John's, that ravishing gem of Christian art, had an impossible task given them to keep any semblance of order, and many spectators grumbled when they saw that they could not even

approach the Relic. However, those who are well do not need the physician: the halt and the blind and the paralytic and the dumb were given the means of reaching St. Francis without difficulty. A woman with a poor cripple of a babe in her arms had been waiting, an unlucky exception, for many terrible hours, to offer it to the intercession of God's Saint. We saw her entreating a kind-hearted policeman to get his comrades, posted at a closed gate, to break the strictest of strict episcopal orders, but in vain. We joined in every human and divine consideration, and at last, to everyone's relief, a perspiring priest whisked her off through the struggling crowd.

A movement within the enclosure and a rush towards the open: a blind man has seen the light! Again, a child of eight, lame from birth, stands and makes a step; and its father knows that it is a miracle. The child is taken in her father's arms into the street; the people follow; the child is allowed to walk; the people crowd round her and kiss her. "God be blessed" on everyone's lips, but no further comment. Entering St. John's again, I saw men coming out with reddened eyes. We were all very near tears, though we saw only the outer fringe of events and had to beg the rest from the lips of others.

The crowd in St. John's from 3 p.m. onwards was a thing to fear. At about 7.45 all the doors of the Church were closed. There had been moments of real danger to the safety of the Holy Relic and you felt that the greatest of the miracles was that no ribs were broken but only straw hats.

God be thanked for the cures—they touched our hearts—but, infinitely more, God be thanked for the faith of the Maltese people, and for the additional evidence of God's continued response to the intercession of St. Francis Xavier. At a cry of "Evviva St. Francis!" sight was given to a blind man, this first day. May God preserve for us the sight of faith! Malta's faith, that preached and blessed by St. Paul himself, which is now vilely attacked by foreigners, inspired, one must think, by Satan. One sometimes thinks that bloody persecution would be so much less dangerous than the bribery and false teaching let loose upon our poverty and illiterateness.

Up to 8 p.m. five cures were said to have taken place: these, like all others mentioned in these notes, have yet to be examined officially by the Diocesan authority before they

can be accepted as miracles. In an account such as this I have felt quite justified in recording a few fairly well-founded reports.

27th May. Early this morning, the Holy Relic was taken to the old capital, Medina. I cycled there in the afternoon and arrived in time for Vespers in the Cathedral Church. I found a wonderful order, and no policemen to offend one's sense of decorum by remaining becaped in church. Sturdy peasants without coats and barefoot stood down the centre of the nave, the young men especially fine, for their youth is not like that of the cities. Everywhere else devout womanhood in black mantilla. No pushing, a *visible* powerfulness. The Cathedral has not the amplitude and simplicity which give to St. John's such an appearance of strength, nor is its interior so crammed with harmonized richness, but there is Mattia Preti's picture of the Shipwreck over the apse, in full view as you enter.

Vespers over, a sermon followed, quite in keeping with the refinement of a cathedral city. The Benedictine spirit of reposeful piety pervaded once the countryside of all Europe—it does so still here. I begged an account from a neighbour of what had happened since morning. He mentioned the cure of a lame man who kissed the Relic and then walked away whole to the Piazza of the suburb. Two other cures I heard of, the details of which were later confirmed by an Augustinian postulant. My peasant friend's face lit up as he spoke of the scene in church early that morning: six priests giving Holy Communion and the Faithful so numerous that those who had received were told to make their thanksgiving in the square outside.

Over the west door was an inscription in honour of St. Francis, "aemulus Sancti Patris Nostri Pauli . . . non degener soboles . . ."

28th May. Birchircara. In this vast, strong church St. Francis was again honoured. The Saint seems to have left a permanent source of influence here, for his picture just within the entrance to the church is surrounded by many in devout prayer. Then on to Hamrun, the crowded home of thousands of harbour-workers, on the outskirts of which are found so many charitable foundations, speaking of princely munificence and of self-consecration to work for the poor. The Little Sisters of the Poor, Fra Diego the saintly Carmelite lay-Brother, the Ven. Adelaide Cini and Marquis Bugeja, have given drab Hamrun a touch of heaven.

29th May. Jesuit "old boys" were invited to attend at Birchircara College chapel at 7.30 a.m. for Mass, General Holy Communion and the veneration of the Relic. In the transepts the past students were closely massed together; the body of the church was filled by the general public; outside the college gates a crowd of good Birchircara folk. At the end of Mass, Communion is given to large numbers by Father Provincial, the Rector and another priest. Then the Relic in its case was venerated at the altar-rails.

At 7 p.m. that same day St. Francis's itinerary should have brought him to St. John's Co-Cathedral, Valletta, but a crowd of about 7,000 waits there in vain. At 7.15 Canon Gauci tells us from the pulpit that the exuberant piety of the population of the Three Cities, on the eastern side of the harbour, is delaying the triumphal progress. "God be blessed," say my neighbours, much moved. Then a gentle but firm rebuke from the preacher because of our impatience.

When the Relic arrives at last the congregation are asked to kneel to receive St. Francis's benediction. Loud-murmured prayers rise from the kneeling throng: then, surprisingly enough, all leave the church, repeating what the preacher had said, that faith is what matters. People are not so ready now to speak of miracles, yet the Canon told us that, of the three cures examined so far, the doctors can give no scientific explanation whatever.

30th May. This day, Friday, the Saint was to have been in Sliema at 10 a.m., but apparently the inhabitants of the Three Cities and of the adjacent Calcara demanded a second visit. Until nearly one o'clock a big crowd waited patiently in the beautiful Sliema church of Stella Maris, the sick and maimed having been assembled in the sacristy and apse. But then, as the time-table could no longer be adhered to, the Relic merely halted at the church door to bless the people and passed on. We trust much in the efficacy of that visit and that blessing, for it is in Sliema and the Three Cities that the Protestant sects joined with the Freemasons are delivering their most persistent attack on our Faith.

At 7 p.m. the second sermon of a solemn Triduum was preached in St. John's by Father Cuschieri, O.C. The crowd was enormous, inside and out, representing all classes; and many strangers, including English.

1st June. Yesterday was the last day of the Triduum. The first Mass to-day, Sunday, was at 12.30, half an hour

after midnight! After Mass, fifteen priests gave Holy Communion to 14,000 persons, most of whom had been in the excessively hot church since 10 the preceding evening. People came up from the country for the sacred vigil and one noticed the peculiar accent of every village. Confessions were heard in the streets; the faith and devotion shown were wonderful: never had anything like it been seen at Malta. Masses followed throughout the morning—the great church being ever emptied and filled again.

In the evening the Holy Relic was carried in procession from St. John's to the Floriana expanse, where the *Te Deum* was sung and the Blessing given. Everyone was there, either inside Valletta or within Floriana, for the city gates were closed so that the narrow streets of the capital might not be choked.

2nd June. This was the last day of St. Francis's stay among us. Early in the morning the Relic was carried to the distant village of Melleha and thence transferred by boat to the island of Gozo. Thence it returned in the evening. By 8.30 p.m. the bastions of the three cities overlooking the harbour swarmed with people anxious to take farewell. The Gozo boat appeared at the entrance of the port, hailed by the screeching of the sirens of many vessels; slowly it wended its way among the innumerable *Aghaisas* (ferry-boats) towards the anchored Sicilian mail-boat. An improvised choir of priests, perched on a building near the Custom House, sang the "Iste Confessor." The churches on every visible hill could be seen outlined with glimmering lights.

The reliquary was transferred with great care from the Gozo boat to the *Ljubljana*, from which St. Francis gave his final blessing to Malta and its people amid the sound of bugles. A Greek man-of-war, the *Lemnos*, bobbed its searchlights over the peopled water. At 9 p.m. the *Ljubljana* began to move from its mooring-place. With a Cross, brilliantly illuminated, raised aloft on its bridge, and its decks black with devout pilgrims, it steamed out of harbour, leaving behind it, as the ships on which the living St. Francis travelled were wont to do, a quickened sense of the supernatural, a livelier hope, a stronger faith. Of this Holy Relic it might be said, as was said of the Saint of saints, *pertransiit benefaciendo*.

A. CALLEJA.

THE PATIENT PRINCESS

" . . . The patient princess. . . ."—*Chapuy's to Charles V.*

SO greatly are our minds affected through our eyes that advocates, as well as detractors, when picturing Mary Tudor, see her, in character and appearance, as a replica of one or the other of the portraits that have come to us labelled with her name; see her a woman, always, from the beginning to the end of her career, hard-featured, hard-natured—elderly.

A notable book of late years, by one of her admirers too, was written, apparently, with the least attractive of these pictures well before its writer; with the result that Mary, by a master hand, is depicted as though she were never other than the forbidding creature whose crude features and ungracious looks are best known to the majority: a woman with no more depth or width or character or charm than that tea-boardy canvass conveys;—and other modern authors, too, have erred that way.

It is not perhaps strange that for over 350 years the cruellest of Mary's portraits should have been kept to the fore in England: but it is inexplicable why their influence on some of her supporters should to-day be so marked. For Mary Tudor, as these must know, had her time of youth, had rare gifts of nature and many accomplishments, had strength and nobility of character—had even more than her share of beauty.

The crudeness and, as I have said, the cruelty, of some of her "popular" representations can scarcely be placed to the fact that the art of portraiture was young in her time; it was young, but the best and freshest of inspirations were there, and such work done that it is safe to assume that Holbein's portraits of Mary have now hardly the same value as portraits, or even as pictures, as when they came first from his hand—that copies of copies of the same have receded farther and farther from truth.

Then, too, Mary's painters could have had no prejudice against her; and seeing that some of them saw her in the bloom of youth, the child of handsome parents, in days when her "lovely looks" were extolled by foreigners as well as

by Englishmen, it may be considered odd that we have only what we have of her; and the thoughtful may suspect that somewhere pictures have remained hidden which show her somewhat as she was. And if those interested will inspect a certain packet in the Print Room of the British Museum they will find their suspicions confirmed; find that all Mary's portraits were not given out to the world; that while some were "cooked up" for a Protestant posterity, others—and those limned by tenderer hands than Holbein's or Antonio Moro's—were kept treasured and untouched in the homes of her friends and lovers.

Without looking on that collection with too biassed an eye, the seeker after truth, weeding away the suspicious and keeping, as one may say, to the classical, will get from his search a definite impression of beauty of feature as well as of beauty of soul; and, in the course of the lesson in portrait painting which he also will gain by this inspection, discover, that though each of Mary's painters saw in his subject a different object—one blunt features, another Greek outlines; one a long thin nose, another a short and spreading; one a preposterous brow, another none at all—they all of them saw the pure and patient eye, the tender patient mouth; and he will emerge from his task certain that, in portraits that have any Mary in them at all, Mary's traditional plainness is due to bigoted copyists and not to original delineators. More, a truth, reluctantly being acknowledged, may be revealed to him. He may learn that portraits for generations accepted as representing Elizabeth in her youth were all the time pictures of Mary: notably a delightful one at Hampton Court—which though not yet re-named is assumed by experts to be a youthful Mary; and those who have seen the unquestionable Mary, of the Hermitage, Petrograd, a picture full of wistful charm, of thought and of beauty, will have no hesitation in favouring this tardy assumption.

If Mary's good looks faded early, as through many violent causes they probably did, it is sure she kept to the end of her life—even in the portrait painted shortly before her marriage with Philip this is evident—her patient eyes and mouth.

But I have dwelt too long on Mary's appearance, especially when it is on that more exquisite quality—her unparalleled patience—I would linger.

During Queen Katharine's troubles, also for some long time after her death, that lady it seems was known to the

people of England as the *Patient Grissel*; a title which would prove, if proof were necessary, that it was from her mother Mary inherited this gift. But however generously the princess was endowed with this virtue, all who knew her remarked that during her own first trials she largely increased her store; that as those multiplied her increasing resignation surprised and impressed all who had dealings with her. It was Mary's patience that the brilliant Chapuys, Ambassador from Charles V. to the Court of England, mentioned most frequently in his despatches to his Imperial master; and on which he never failed to dilate when speaking of the princess to friend or foe. It is Chapuys' testimony, to be found with the greatest ease in our State Papers, which gives us the most living, vivid portrait of Mary Tudor that we possess.

Let us see Mary as she was in the year 1536. That *Annus Mirabilis* from ancient times announced as one in which astonishing events would astonish England—a careless prediction terribly verified; for, amongst the evils that then befell, were not freedom of thought and speech abolished and religion abased and brought low?

By the 7th of January that year Katharine was dead. By the end of January Anne Boleyn was well down the road to ruin. His own road, partly through these two events, now cleared, Thomas Cromwell touched the pinnacle of his power. Then did he set in motion the measures most likely to assist him to fulfil his promise of making Henry "the richest monarch in Europe"—measures fateful for England. Then sat those two together daily and for their own ends—the one to please his patron and, incidentally, to save his own neck; the other to please himself—changed the Constitution of England. With no thought or care for the people's rights or wrongs they planned and arranged to pass laws against the people's wish or will. Planned them and passed them through the Commons. And their extraordinary energy did not cease at forcing laws upon the people in an extraordinary way—it allowed them to evolve and bring to perfection, amongst other plots, the plot against Anne Boleyn.

In May came that unfortunate woman's and her (probably innocent) companions' trials and executions. In June the princess Mary was nearly brought to her death. In July died Henry's natural son, the Duke of Richmond. Then was the drought which ruined all hopes of the harvest; then

the enforcement of the tithes, the tenths, the subsidies, the Act of Uses—together with the suppression of the smaller monasteries—all deeds which helped to impoverish, to hurt and to change, the character of the English people: for, by the time the spring season of 1536 ended, Englishmen had few rights remaining to them and no redress at all for wrongs. The completed Tudor system had enslaved them, had caused the formerly possessed sense of freedom and safety to evaporate; caused men to distrust one another. And in October, in a sudden spontaneous rebelling against these heavy oppressions, sudden as are always the soul-felt actions of an angered people—came the Pilgrimage of Grace! A movement “as fine in its inception as it was noble in its failure”; a movement in which 80,000 nobly trusting, basely deceived, people painfully and ignominiously lost their lives.

Annus Mirabilis! 1536!

In the January of this remarkable year Mary was barely twenty. She was grieving the death of a beloved mother whose dying moments she had not been permitted to solace. She was alone, no one daring openly to be her friend; fighting her own fight; endeavouring with patience to evade the traps, to disentangle the snares everywhere set for her.

She was still a girl, delicate and slender. One who, as a child, had been placed by Henry in a state higher and more royal than any before possessed by an English princess; who at the commencement of the divorce proceedings had been torn from that state and grossly humiliated; who had been de-legitimatized; who had had one insulting request after another placed before her by her father's ministers, inspired by her father himself. For years now she had suffered insults from Anne Boleyn! For two years she had been forbidden to write, for some months forbidden to speak!

But Katharine's death combined with, at about the same time, the blighting of Henry's hopes for an heir, caused Mary again to become a central figure. The question of the succession was crying, and Mary herself so important that Anne Boleyn, who a few days earlier had agreed with her parents —“It was a pity Mary had not kept her mother company in death,” changed her tactics and made friendly overtures to the princess.

To Mary, too, rushed Cromwell and other members of the

King's Council, with urgent appeal that she should sign the Statute of Succession, a subject on which she for some time past had been cruelly harried. Forward, too, came members of the Seymour family who, in proffering stealthy sympathy for the loss of her mother, bade the princess "Be of good cheer," an unexpected encouragement which must have revealed much to the intelligent Mary. Nobody respected Mary's sorrow, or thought of her as a worn, harassed young creature, defenceless—exhausted; all clamoured, insisted and worried until Chapuys, in actual fear lest Henry should kill her, begged "now Katherine was dead the princess should be importuned no more, especially in this time of her trouble, as it might bring on severer illness—even death!"

But the King pretending, as he always did to foreigners, that his daughter's welfare was his one only thought, did not even pretend to alter his conduct towards her; while Mary, receiving his outrageous suggestions with dignity and weighing his bitter requests with prayer and patience, gently refused to wrong either herself or her dead mother.

The now desperate Anne, however, continued to assail her with offers of friendship,—poor soul, she knew that Henry was tired of her, that with the death of Katharine he wished to close all old books—indeed, that new books were already opened. In direst need of offering the King some really valuable sop she promised Mary "if she would *obey her father*," i.e., sign the Statute—she should come to Court again, where she, Anne, would be a friend and another mother to her, and the princess be exempted from "holding the tail of her gown." Mary to this replied: "There was no daughter in the world would be more obedient to her father in what she could' do—saving in that which touched her honour and her conscience."

The principal articles of this Statute so long and so obstinately held before the princess were (i) that she should acknowledge her mother's marriage to have been illegal; (ii) her own birth illegitimate; (iii) Henry's supremacy over the Church, absolute. As Miss Strickland says, "It will scarcely excite wonder that Mary demurred at signing these bitter requisitions."

Mary was willing enough to give up her place as heir to the crown should Henry have other heirs, but she was loath to wrong her soul. While she prayed for help and

enlightenment in this emergency, offensive and libellous letters were placed beside her even in her oratory, close to her most sacred relics—and abusive epistles decorated her living apartments.

In the midst of schemes to catch Mary and inducements to make her wrong herself, we find it was on the day of Katharine's funeral that the first "awful secret" about Anne was whispered. It is certain that something terrible occurred, something which greatly affected the terrible Henry, for from that date he was practically a maniac. What new plot of his Katharine's death frustrated, or what old one it accomplished—shall we ever know? But whatever happened we do know that his indecent joy in that event ended in more brutal treatment for his daughter—in an implacable, threatening dislike for Anne Boleyn.

Henry VIII., whatever private thought may be concerning him, was undoubtedly possessed of a sort of genius. His strong and curious personality—a mixture of careless amiability and raging anger, of knowledge and ignorance, quick decisions and cruel dalliances—was of the kind known to students of genius—and of madness. Self centred, capable, relentless, he was cleverer than the astute Cromwell; and it is possible that some of the deeds evolved by that minister's ingenious mind were shaped and perfected by the King's more brilliant wit.

To read one of Henry's crisply sentenced, well expressed, well constructed letters side by side with one of Cromwell's—turgid, redundant, involved—is to see whose was the clearer mind, let whose have been the guiding spirit. To his remarkable abilities Henry added the not unnatural concomitant, the capacity for hard work. Let us take one of his day's doings, say in the February of this fateful year. He rose early, heard Mass! Ate heartily, gave minute and greedy attention to the condition of the food and the manner in which it was cooked. Received people, most of whom—as the country under his guidance had become poor and was getting poorer—wanted something from him. Engaged in some kind of sport, tiring many horses and all his companions. Received his ministers, consulted with them as to which Bill should be forced through—which kept to a more favourable moment. Went into the sordid details of the sordid work of the suppressing of the monasteries. Wrote offensive letters to Mary and devised plans for her hurt and

annoyance. Visited Anne Boleyn, banqueted in public; joined in the evening dance; and ended the day in Jane Seymour's rooms where he stayed far into the night.

Her mother's death and Anne's certain fall, however, did nothing to relieve the tension on Mary. The pressure brought to bear on her from Henry every day grew heavier: still harping on the Statute he, in spite of Chapuys' endeavours, forbade her to receive visitors, kept from her the pathetic objects left to her by Katharine; and in pure wantonness vowed he would cause her to marry a simple gentleman so that she should not marry a prince. The pressure from Cromwell also increased. This fellow, coarse and cunning, would insult this high princess one day and on the next endeavour to appease her with flattery; while threatening that she should lose her life if she did not sign the Statute—he circulated a rumour that he was going to marry her himself! In fact, as Chapuys said, "to judge by her father's actions and his minister's ways—the princess might be considered lost."

Anne Boleyn's execution took place on May 18th; on the 20th or 21st Henry married Jane Seymour. On the 24th Cromwell told Chapuys—Henry just then wishing to stand well with the Emperor—that the King meant to declare Mary his heir if *certain conditions* were observed. Chapuys, suspecting a trap for Mary, asked to see a draft of the letter about to be sent her on the subject. Reading it, he saw at once that some "bird-catching" was intended, and decided not to send any news to his Imperial master until reassured of Henry's intentions towards his daughter. Meanwhile the "bird-catching" commenced.

Mary, who had lost a mother and had not found a father; who had been oppressed when it was thought she would be relieved; low in health and spirit, almost at the end of her tether, was induced by Cromwell to write to Cromwell and ask him to intercede with Henry for her. Wishing to be on good, especially on filial, terms with the King, encouraged by a promise that the result would be an interview with Henry, she permitted Cromwell to draft letters as if from herself to her father.

The Statute of the Succession, of course, was the burden of this correspondence. Henry was obsessed by that business; if he could kill a wife he could surely make a daughter sign a paper! If the world stopped it did not matter—she

still should sign! Nothing other occupied him: neither sorrow for young Richmond's dying state, nor joy in his new marriage—Mary must sign the Statute or die!

In the letters that passed it is clear to see which sentiment was Mary's, which Cromwell's. The princess did not leave the minister's compilations entirely unedited; she managed to impress on them the mark of her own gentle steadfastness, and consequently—was not admitted into Henry's presence. Indeed, each letter left him the more enraged, and his rage, amongst others, fell on Thomas Cromwell—though the rift between those two was probably a piece of acting, arranged before Cromwell gave out his worthless news to Chapuys; however, the game played was played by them until their end was gained.

It was obvious now that a crisis was at hand. The days from the 8th to the 16th of June passed in the tensest anxiety; at Court the struggle was watched with fear.

On the 10th Mary wrote to Cromwell assuring him that she was following his advice, and that she will "do so in all things concerning my duty to the King, God and my conscience not offended. . . . I desire you for Christ's passion to find means that I be not moved to further entry (entreaty?) in this matter than I have been; for I assure you I have done the utmost my conscience will suffer me. . . . I would not trouble you, but that the end of your letter caused me a little to fear I shall have more business hereafter."

Writing the same day to Henry, a remarkably submissive, affectionate letter, she says "she hopes she may obtain her fervent desire of access to his presence, and begs him to accept the penitent child who henceforth puts her state and living in his mercy, next to Almighty God, under whatever conditions."

Cromwell, who had seen this letter before it was sent to the King—suspected by Henry and certainly not admitted to the Council which sat all day long those days—wrote back to Mary irritably:

". . . Others love God as well as you . . . to be plain with you, I think you the most obstinate woman that ever was. . . . I will never think of you other than the most ingrate and obstinate person living—both to God and your most dear and benign father."

Mary replied that Cromwell seemed to have taken ex-

ception to her "continual custom, . . . for I have always used both in writing and speaking to 'except God' in all things."

From this time all moved quickly. It was told that the King's commissioners were coming to summon Mary to take the oath; and Mary wrote to Chapuys to ask what she should say in reply to them. Chapuys bade her receive them "with modesty and dignity (as ever) for if they began to find her shaken they would pursue her to the end and never leave her in peace . . . to avoid discussion . . . and to beseech them to leave her in peace that she might pray to God for the soul of the Queen her mother."

The visit of the commissioners followed close on this, and Chapuys gives Charles V. a picture of that meeting.

"When the princess," he says, "expected to be out of trouble she found herself in the most extreme perplexity and danger she had ever been in: and not only herself, but all her principal friends. The King took a fancy to insist that the princess should consent to his Statute—or he would proceed by rigour of law against her, and to induce her to yield, sent to her the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, the Bishop of Chichester, and certain others, whom she confounded by her wise and prudent answers; till they, seeing that they could not conquer her in argument, told her that since she was so unnatural as to oppose the King's will so obstinately, that they could scarcely believe she was his bastard; and if she was his daughter they would beat her and knock her so violently against the wall that they would make it as soft as baked apples; and that she was a traitress and should be punished."

Leaving commands with her governante that none should speak to the princess, that she should be kept always in sight and that other indignities should be used towards her—the angry Commissioners went back to Henry.

But their anger was slight beside the King's. Mary's ladies were taken from her and forced to subscribe to the Statute. The Lady Hussey (as well as other of her friends) was put into prison under pretext that she had called Mary "princess," though she protested she had only done so "from long custom"; and Mary's chief servant, who "knew all her secrets," was placed in Cromwell's charge during these days, days on which he, Cromwell, himself assured Chapuys he

was in such disgrace he "considered himself a lost man or dead!"

The Council, also threatened, feared for their heads—but yet were not dismissed; and Henry called on the judges to proceed against Mary according to law, which meant *they were to sanction his contemning her*. He swore she should suffer, not only she, but Exeter, Cromwell, and several others. But the judges, in spite of threats, refused to decide, and advised that a writing should be sent to the princess, adding that if she did not sign this they would then proceed against her.

Seeing the cruelty used and honestly fearing for her life Chapuys wrote to Mary:

"That it was the Emperor's advice if the King persisted, and she found her life in danger that she should consent to her father's wish."

To Charles V. he said: "I assured her that such was your advice and that to save her life on which depended the peace of the realm and the redress of the great disorders which prevail there, she must do everything and dissemble for some time, especially as the protestations made and the cruel violence shown her preserved her rights inviolate and likewise her conscience . . . and I felt assured that if she came to the Court she would by her wisdom set her father again on the right road. . . ."

Meanwhile the judges had drawn up the paper. And Mary—who received the above letter; who was told how many heads would fall with her own; how the people would suffer from the riots that would ensue if she were condemned—when the document was brought to her, uttered no word, but without reading it—signed it!

FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD.

CHRISTIAN, THEREFORE CATHOLIC

IT seems astonishing to those Catholics who know little or nothing of the non-Catholic mind that it should be as difficult as it is to show "our separated brethren" that genuine Christianity is one and the same thing with Catholicism; to prove to them that we must be Catholics if we are to be authentically Christian.

The difficulty comes from the succession of theories that have been invented to justify the Protestant revolt against the Church, or to prove that it did not involve the loss of anything essential to Christianity. These various theories have so obscured to the minds of our fellow-countrymen the light of history and tradition that what is so clear to us is by no means clear to them. Hence it is nothing less than a task of re-education that we have to undertake in their regard.

All the more necessary is it to insist on that part of Catholic Apologetics which is devoted to showing that the Holy Catholic and Roman Church is not just one of many forms into which the original teachings of Jesus Christ have been evolved, but that it is Christianity itself as that Religion came from the hands of its Divine Founder.

We have to show that the Christian Fact and the Catholic Fact are not only not dissociated like an unwarranted interpretation and the original idea which it professes to explain, but that they are one, with the identity of living continuity; that the Catholic Fact—the Holy Catholic and Roman Church—results from the Christian Fact—the life and teachings of Jesus Christ—not only with the inevitableness of a logical and necessary evolution of consequences from the principles in which they were contained, but with that of the working out of a fore-ordained plan, eternally conceived in the Divine Mind, revealed in the words and acts of Christ, and finally carried out through the ages by human instruments, acting under the controlling influence of the Holy Spirit of God.

It would be interesting to enquire whether there has been in recent years a real approach on the part of religiously-minded non-Catholics to any grasp of this truth of the

identity, pure and simple, of the Catholic and Roman Religion with the Christianity of Christ.

We might perhaps think that the prevalent talk of "reunion of the Churches," together with tentative efforts towards some kind of union made recently by various denominations, could be welcomed by Catholics as indicating such an approach. Unfortunately, however, "reunion," as understood by these well-meaning people, does not mean the return of strayed souls to their true Mother the Church, but means the healing, or rather the patching up, of rents which are supposed to have torn in pieces that Church, for whose perpetual unity Christ both prayed and provided.

It may be true that this movement for unification is all to the good; that, as some Catholic writers have maintained, it will make easier the return of non-Catholic groups when possibly they shall have achieved a measure of union amongst themselves; but, involving as it does the false supposition that the one Church of Christ could ever be split up or divided at all, or ever need that its disintegrated "parts" should come together again, the movement hardly seems in its present stage to promise recognition of the essential oneness, the uniqueness as well as the essential internal unity, of the Religion to which Christ gave concrete form and visible institution in the Church Catholic.

In other words, it has not yet dawned on the workers for "reunion" that "Church" is a word reserved by the logic of facts to designate an entity of which there is and can be but one example in the world; a corporate entity, to which visibility and unity, indivisibility and uniqueness by divine fashioning belong. They are far, as yet, from the knowledge that to speak of "the Churches," in the sense of separated and autonomous bodies, composing, and yet at the same time by their differences splitting up into opposing sections, "our common Christianity," is to carry "terminological inexactitude" to the highest degree of opposition to the truth.

Till these things are grasped by "reunionists" we can hardly see in their aspirations more than a sign of good dispositions, to be met, indeed, with all gladness of charity and every endeavour to help and enlighten, but so far scarcely indicating much advance towards solving the *real* problem of union.

It is not an easy task to give even to the best disposed of

those with whom we have to deal a clear conception of what is meant by the Church of Christ, or to show them how "Christian" and "Catholic" in strict propriety are synonymous terms. Yet till this is understood, till it is seen that there is only one religious body on earth that has a right to the name of Christ's Church, it will not be understood that the only way to unity for those who call themselves Christians is by submission to the authority of that body.

Probably, for most, insistence on the corporate nature of Christ's Religion is the best way of bringing light to their minds.

How many there are who have no idea of that Religion as a Society, an organized Body, the visible incarnation and embodiment of the intentions and teachings of its Divine Founder. They have never grasped the Catholic and Scriptural principle that there is no real distinction between the Christian Religion as a system of thought and its corporate manifestation in the Catholic Church. They fail to see that the Church simply *is* Christ's Religion, constituted by Him in palpable, bodily form; recognizable as His own by certain signal characteristics that distinguish it from all other claimants to the Christian name and stamp it as the Church of the divine promises, coming down from Christ Himself as He created it, with an uninterrupted corporate life and an unbroken tradition of belief and teaching.

There would seem to be needed a treatment of the Visibility of the Church, and of the Notes or Marks of Unity and Catholicity which should connect them more closely than is done in our ordinary theological treatises with the Church's corporate nature; a treatment which should show clearly how Visibility, Unity, and Catholicity are of the essence of the Religion instituted by our Divine Lord, flowing from its nature as a perfect Society, bound up with it and with one another as necessary characters of that living entity which Christ called into being when He brought into actuality the scheme of His Church designed from eternity in the Counsels of God.

A kind of visibility attaches, indeed, to religious bodies outside the Church, and those who aim at "reunion" have the idea, at least, of unity as a thing desirable or even to some extent already existing in virtue of beliefs held in common. There is a sort of spurious catholicity, too, in the notion, false as it is, that Christianity, despite differences, may be des-

cribed as the common possession of all throughout the world who profess any kind of religion claiming to be founded on the Gospel.

These mere *simulacra* of the characters of the true Church only make more difficult the task of the Catholic apologist in representing the real nature of her Visibility, Catholicity, and Unity. The false notion gets in the way of the true. The visibility of the sects is not essential, but accidental; it is not that visibility of divine origin which belongs to the Church and arises from the fact that it was God Himself who made her a Society of human beings; it is merely the result of a human need and tendency compelling those who think alike to form themselves into groups for mutual support and sympathy. The visibility of the Catholic Church, on the other hand, includes not only her recognizability as a distinct corporation among many others in the world, but her recognizability as that Body which Christ founded, with all her supernatural endowments; the one and only Body in which the Gospel promises are fulfilled.

As for the unity of which we hear so much, it is more than doubtful whether those who in their own way aspire to it have any useful notion of the organic unity of the Mystical Body of Christ—no simple endowment super-added to the essence of Christianity and liable to be lost; no counsel of perfection, once attained, afterwards fallen away from, and now the object of pious aspirations dependent for their fulfilment upon the good will of Christians; but a unity pertaining to the very being of Christianity as much as organic unity pertains to the being of a man.

Lastly, the vague catholicity indicated by talk of "our common Christianity" is nothing but a name; the note of Unity must accompany the note of Catholicity; where the first is wanting the other is a vain pretence.

It may be that the trend of modern thought away from the old individualism towards a still growing conception of human solidarity, of which Socialism is the extreme expression, is preparing the ground for recognition by our countrymen of the essentially corporate nature of Christianity as Christ made it, with all its consequences of visibility, unity, and the rest. Such would appear to be the opinion of a leader of the evangelical school in the Establishment whose own religious opinions are strictly of the individualist order. "For very intelligible reasons," wrote the Protestant Bishop

of Durham a few weeks ago,¹ "Socialism is more easily reconciled with sacerdotalized than with evangelical Christianity, for against both tyrannies—the economical and the spiritual—the most formidable enemy is the claim of the individual. It is perhaps not wholly inconceivable that, by the co-operating influence of the two forces, England might again be included in the empire of Rome, and civilization decline into another 'Dark Age.'"

It is rather old-fashioned now to talk of the "Dark Age," and the corporate solidarity of the Catholic Church has no kinship with the specific errors of Socialism; but the Bishop of Durham seems to have glimpsed a possibility of which Catholic apologists might perhaps usefully avail themselves.

To those who believe in our Divine Lord, His miracles and His teaching, as we may suppose to be the case with our friends who wish so earnestly for "reunion," the line of argument outlined above should surely appeal.

As men in our Lord's own time came to believe in and trust His promises regarding His Church because they saw His life and mighty works, so non-Catholics of to-day, if they can be brought to see in the Holy Catholic and Roman Church the actual fulfilment of those promises and to recognize in her that correspondence between present fact and past prophecy which stamps her as divine, will come to the conviction that true belief in Jesus Christ means belief also in the Church which He founded upon the rock of Peter; the Church which, as His Body, is the mystical prolongation of His Incarnate life on earth.

H. G. HUGHES.

¹ "England and Rome," *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1924.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEW

IN his article entitled "Jews and Catholics," which appeared in the January MONTH, Father Day strikes a note which will find an echo in many hearts, especially in the hearts of those who, like himself, have come into close contact with the Jews. To be familiar with them—I do not mean merely with the pawnbroker and commercial traveller type of Jew—to have some appreciation of their most pathetic history and of their indestructible ideals, is to be forced into taking an interest in the lot of this outcast race. Unfortunately, it is with the Jew in his commercial character that most Englishmen come into contact. This fact, along with the antipathy for them that is a species of inheritance from our Christian ancestors of bygone days, sets the tone of the opinion of most of us with regard to the Jews in general.

This seems a shocking thing to confess, but the fault does not lie altogether on the side of the Christian. When the Church was weak and small the Jews did all in their power to render Christian life impossible. Read the *Acts of the Apostles*. Eusebius, in his account of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, says that when orders were given for him to be burned alive, "the crowds immediately (collected) from the workshops and baths timber and faggots, the Jews being especially zealous in the work as is their wont."¹ Tertullian speaks of the Jewish synagogues as "fountains of persecution,"² and says that their race is the "seed-plot of all the calumny against us."³ Their rabbis said things about our Divine Lord and His Mother that no Christian could hear with equanimity. These things and others were bound to have an effect on Christian sentiment.

God forbid that we should strive to justify massacres, ill-treatment of the Jews, or even the least thing that contradicts the universal law of Christian charity. On the contrary, we claim that the Church never identified herself with any anti-semitic prejudice. Even the Jew Reinach acknowledges as much. "The Church," he says, "might have annihilated them (the Jews) as she did the Arians and

¹ *Hist. Eccl.* iv. 15.

² *Scorp.* 10.

³ *Ad Nat.* i. 14.

Manichæans; she preserved them as the depositaries of the Ancient Law, the witnesses to the Gospel, and it was even at Rome itself that they were the least rigorously treated."¹ The very word "ghetto" is Italian. The evil consequences of the persecutions, however, exist and are hard to remove. Just as they were caused in many cases by a zeal that was not founded in charity, so they will be removed only by a zeal that springs from that essential virtue.

How many of us have ever penetrated into the ghettos, the home of the Jews in so far as these wanderers can be said to have a home? There one sees not the rich but the poor Jews; and in the synagogues one beholds the manifestation of their strong religious life. This is a phenomenon that almost surpasses belief, the revelation of the very same spirit that has animated Jewish hearts since the days of Abraham, of the undying hopes that have refused to waver in the face of poverty, calamity, persecution, and of death itself. Nay—saddest of all—these hopes persist even after the fulfilment of the promises on which they are based; they are doomed to disappointment. *Spes quae videtur non est spes*, said the Jew St. Paul. "Even until this day," he says, "when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. But when they shall be converted to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away."² Can we do nothing towards the removing of the veil? We can try, but before we try there must be more of that understanding sympathy for which the writer in the January MONTH makes an appeal. It is the necessary condition of every apostle and teacher, and it implies the effort to look at things from the other's point of view.

It has been the fortune of the present writer to spend three years in the midst of the Jews of Jerusalem, where they number about 50,000 out of a total population of about 75,000. This is no new phenomenon due to the efforts of the Zionists; it was so long before the war. But since the war, and owing to Zionism, one comes much more into contact with them there than previously. They are to be met in the schools and lecture-rooms, at social gatherings, and above all, in the Government offices. Such meetings, however, are not of the nature to arouse enthusiasm; the reverse, rather, is the case owing to the spirit of antagonism that is now rife. Indeed, one was frequently shocked by the apparent lack of elementary Christian sentiment towards the Jews,

¹ *Orpheus* vii. 73.

² II Cor. iii. 15, 16.

even among those whose lives were dedicated to God. The impression was sometimes given that the Jew was excluded from the law of charity, outside the pale and beyond redemption. Nowhere, indeed, would it be harder to work for the conversion of the Jews than in Jerusalem. "*Sales juifs!*" is a phrase that one often heard.

No doubt this was to be expected in some degree, especially under the present circumstances which have unjustly given much power and influence to the Jews and caused them to be very thoroughly detested. To tell the truth, the moral atmosphere in Jerusalem during the last few years became a little infected, and one was almost imperceptibly influenced by it. Christian feeling was almost universally on the side of the Arabs, and, during the riots and occasional massacres of the children of Israel it was hard not to be affected by the rather bloodthirsty reflection that the Arabs were getting a bit of their own back. True, the Arabs were fighting for their country and entitled to sympathy, but all the same, fighting, if only they were given a free hand, would mean terrible massacres of the Jewish intruders. That, however, was safeguarded against by the presence of armoured cars, machine-guns and soldiers with all the paraphernalia of war.

It was sad to think that when there was any killing done, it was usually the poor Jews of the ghetto in the city who suffered—those who had perhaps little to do with the Zionists, who were in many cases opposed to Zionism, and who had inhabited the south-western quarter of the city on peaceable terms with Christians and Mohammedans for many years. Their little houses, heaped together in a way that only the East could allow, are perched on the hill that overlooks the holy place of the temple, now defiled by the Mosque of Omar. From this quarter it is but a few paces to the ancient wall of the temple where the Jews go daily, and especially on Friday evenings at the commencement of the Sabbath, to weep over their loss.

Think of the pathos of that! It is nearly 2,000 years since Jerusalem was sacked by Titus and the temple laid in ruins with "not a stone upon a stone"; yet the Jews of this twentieth century are still bewailing the calamity and beseeching God to restore His holy place, to "rebuild the walls of Sion." As they weep, there comes as if in answer the mocking voice of the muezzin from the minaret above calling the faithful to prayer: *La ilah illa Allah, u Muham-*

mad rusul Allah. "There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah." So the Jews have heard for a thousand years, but it makes no difference, it does not quench their hope and confidence; they go on weeping, hoping and praying still, breathing the prayer of the Psalmist: *Non est deus sicut Deus noster.*

One day, as we were visiting the synagogues in this quarter of the city, we met a troop of Jewish boys playing. They stopped their playing to accompany us and we discovered that they were speaking Spanish. A Spaniard, however, in our company, assured us that they spoke a very archaic dialect which had long passed out of use, and we learnt on enquiry that they were descendants of Jews who had been turned out of Spain in the fifteenth century, who had first taken refuge in the Balkan peninsula, and had then come on to Palestine. It was interesting to watch their manœuvres to get round to that side of us on which the crucifix hung from our rosary. At first we feared that they wanted to spit on the sacred figure and prepared for action. But our fears were groundless; they merely wanted to see the figure of Him whom the Christians count to be the Messiah, the Son of God, a Jew.

How would it be possible to turn their curiosity into something that would be of advantage to their souls? Frankly, I do not know any way of presenting the faith of Christ to Jews of this type except the way of St. Paul—preaching Christ in their synagogues. For that we need a converted Jew with something of the fire and enthusiasm of St. Paul. Otherwise it seems impossible to reach their minds. These old-fashioned Jews of the ghettos have been born and bred in Judaism, steeped in it from their very birth, clinging to the yoke of the Law with unwavering submission. It is doubtful if they ever consider the possibility of anything else or any other mode of life. They have been nourished on the teaching of the ancient rabbis and masters of Israel, who before our Lord's time taught that the Law of Moses was eternal. In their eyes the great crime of Christ and His followers was that they attacked and abolished the Law, and this makes the Jew cling to it and despise the Christian all the more. His opinions of Christ and Christianity are delivered to him ready-made by generations of rabbinic traditions, and he has no opportunity of forming an opinion of his own. Isolation from unnecessary contact with Gen-

tiles is part of his religion, and the circumstances of the last 2,000 years have only emphasized the desire for isolation. It has been bred into him that he has little to expect at the hands of Christians but contempt and persecution, and the contempt, at any rate, is returned with interest. To sum up, he is deeply religious, he is convinced that he is right and all the rest of the world wrong, and he practises a religion which demands much self-sacrifice, shouldering a burden which St. Peter himself was unable to bear.¹ Under these circumstances the work of conversion becomes very difficult.

But there is quite another type of Israelite with which one comes into contact in these days—a type less satisfactory in itself, but offering more ground for hope with regard to the work of conversion. In Palestine, since the end of the war and the beginning of the Zionist immigrations, you will meet with many young men and women, well-favoured and well-clothed in European fashion, the men often clad in the blouse-shirt and belt that reminds one of Russia, the girls often distinguished by their close-cropped hair and bare head. They are, in fact, Jews from north-eastern Europe—Russia, Poland and the Ukraine—and have been christened Judæo-Slavs. They have none of the hang-dog look that is characteristic of so many of the old-fashioned type with flowing gabardine of velvet, fur cap and greasy side-locks; but then these modern Jews have frequented the universities of northern Europe, while those others have lived for years in Palestine on sufferance under the Turks, subject in theory and often in fact to various degradations. It used not to be lawful, I believe, for any Jew to ride on a donkey through the city. These modern Jews would not willingly endure humiliations of that kind; in fact, the complaint made against them in Jerusalem was that they behaved as though the city belonged to them and the rest of us were there on sufferance.

They are the hope of the political Zionists, and large numbers of them have been imported into Palestine and planted in colonies up and down the country. Of these immigrants you will read and hear opinions that are by no means flatter-

¹ Why tempt you God, to put a yoke upon the necks of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we have been able to bear? " (Acts xv. 10).

Jewish observance of the sabbath is regulated by a body of legislation containing 248 positive precepts and 365 negative precepts. Perfect observance forbids writing, striking a match, rubbing one's hands for the sake of warmth, etc., etc. Our noting this is not meant as ridicule, but as an appeal for pity for those who are still "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

ing. J. M. N. Jeffries, a special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, who conducted an inquiry into the affairs of Palestine in connection with Zionist activity, describes them as "free-thinking Judæo-Slavs," and asserts that "the young Zionist immigrants and intending masters of the country have not a shred of belief."¹ This seems too sweeping an assertion to apply to all the young Zionists without first-hand experience of them all. To be sure, Mr. Jeffries had some first-hand experience with which to support this assertion, the existence of colonies, for example, where religion was not taken into account. Similar experience fell to the lot of the present writer.

But when we have done and said all, we shall not have made so sweeping a condemnation as that passed by Solomon Reinach: "Among the educated Jews of all countries rationalism predominates, with a certain reverence for their ancestors which stands in the place of faith."² Reinach is a Jew, and we may suppose that he ought to know. Now these young Zionists appear to be of the educated class; in fact, I was informed in one of the new colonies that the majority of the young men there had been students at Polish and German universities, and that they had left all to come and "build up Palestine." That is the stock expression. The members of this particular colony numbered about 150, of which number about forty were women or girls.

It was said above that these young people were the hope of the political Zionists; on the other hand, they are (I should imagine) the despair of the orthodox Zionists. You must realize the distinction. The dream of the latter, who are devoted before all things to the religion of their fathers, is to restore the ancient glories of religious Judaism in Palestine. You may imagine better than I can describe what will be their horror of a free-thinking Jew, one who rejects the Law and its precepts. I leave to your imagination likewise to form an idea of the mental attitude of the free-thinker towards his orthodox brethren, adding merely a few remarks of Reinach who, of course, is a Modernist: "Even in these days, the majority of the 11,000,000 of Israelites are less advanced than the Christian (in respect of religious liberalism), because they rigorously observe the Sabbath and many absurd alimentary prohibitions. The Jewish religion

¹ Cf. the collection of his articles under title of *The Palestine Deception*.

² *Orpheus* vii. 83.

is indeed a mild creed only to those who profess but do not practise it. The internal emancipation of Judaism will be the most urgent of its duties when once its political and social emancipation, as yet imperfect, shall have been procured by law and public opinion."¹

The object of the political Zionists is to build up a Jewish state and to give Jews a recognized political standing among the nations. They are not, primarily at least, concerned with the religious question. In fact, the great leader of this movement was Theodore Herzl, a Jew born in Hungary, who was an unbeliever. Post-war events have turned their attention to Palestine as the place where, under the protection of English politicians, this state was to be erected. I say *was to be erected* with design, because the project is failing, as indeed it was bound to fail. Palestine is the last place on earth they should have chosen. In fact, if Israel Zangwill knows what he is talking about, Palestine is to prove the death of political Zionism. On October 14th last, he told an audience of 4,000 persons in America that it was completely dead, and that the idea of a Jewish state in Palestine was an impossibility. The fact that the American Jewish Congress, who had invited him to America, repudiated his statement on the following day does not change matters.

But even if there still be life in political Zionism it is destined to have a stormy career. According to Mr. Jeffries, the political tendencies of the Jewish youth in Palestine are socialistic. In the Holy Land one heard them spoken of as Communists and Bolshevists, and it is certainly true that some among them held curious ideas with regard to social and political matters, ideas such as we are accustomed nowadays to find in Soviet Russia. Perhaps it is not surprising when we remember that they hail from the countries of northern Europe.

All this, however, is interesting to us in the present connection only in so far as the departure of these young people from the ideals of orthodox Zionism has (so it seems to me) removed obstacles which closed their minds and hearts to the appeal of Christianity. This is not so much a question of theory as of fact and experience. Whereas it is almost impossible to reach the minds and hearts of the old-fashioned Jews of the ghetto, owing to the barrier of prejudice and bigotry behind which they are entrenched, these emanci-

¹ *Orpheus* vii. 73.

pated modern Jews show signs of a tendency to come and meet us half-way. They are of a curious and inquiring turn of mind, and, like all Jews, their power of application gives them an intellectual advantage over others. It was no extraordinary thing at Jerusalem to see them led by curiosity into the churches, even during the time of service. Some have penetrated into the church of the Holy Sepulchre, though they risked a broken head or worse. Most important of all, they are reading the Gospels. I was informed by the keeper of the "British and Foreign Bible Society" shop in the Holy City that he could not keep in stock Hebrew copies of the Bible containing the New Testament on account of the demand made by the Jews. There is a temptation to suggest that unworthy motives lay behind the demand. I prefer not to think so. The books were not given away but sold, cheaply, it is true. Moreover, one was sometimes astonished by the familiarity with the Gospels and with points of Christian doctrine shown by young Jews who came frequently to discuss questions of religion, and that at Jerusalem where they risked so much. These things are bound to have an effect for the good.

Hence I believe that there is much hope for the future, and that Reinach is certainly wrong when he says that "those (Jews) who embrace Christianity are either cunning beggars, who undergo the rite of baptism several times, or poor but industrious young men, prevented by iniquitous laws from frequenting schools and earning their bread (especially in Russia); or again, rich people, who believe in nothing, and who purchase by baptism the privilege of a discourteous reception in drawing-rooms. Their children are generally Anti-Semites."¹ He is no doubt right in some cases; but his cynical outlook on life closes his eyes to the possibility of the honesty of other cases of conversion with which we all are familiar.

There is, I repeat, hope for the future if we realize it, unless the Palestine blunder has the terrible effect of still further emphasizing the antipathy between Jews and Gentiles; *quod Deus avertat!*

REGINALD GINNS, O.P.

¹ *Orpheus* vii. 85.

THE ROOT-ERROR OF THE “ REFORMATION ”

A RECENT article in *The Guardian* gave a curious instance of the mischief which sometimes attends the irresponsible practice of “ psycho-analysis.” “ A young man of an exceptionally charming and unselfish disposition,” says the writer, “ was the victim of a neurosis which induced him to consult a psycho-analyst. The attacks of fear and melancholy which periodically overcame him were at last cured by the treatment, but with them the charm and unselfishness disappeared: indeed the young man became the absolute reverse of his former self—bad-tempered and crudely selfish in a way which most people would at least have attempted to conceal. His relatives naturally complained to the psycho-analyst—‘ the second state of this man is worse than the first.’ To which science made reply—‘ That gentleness and amiability of disposition were merely parts of the “ inferiority ” complex, of which the terror and melancholy were other parts, and which I have now removed. A catastrophe in childhood had generated a hidden complex of fear and helplessness, so that all through his life this man has felt at a disadvantage with his fellow-adults, and bound to propitiate them, as a child would, by an agreeable manner and acts of unselfishness and good will. He now no longer has this sense of inferiority, so there is now no longer any need to propitiate. He is no longer amiable because he is no longer afraid. That is all.”

There is, it seems to me, a striking similarity between this case and the experience to which non-Catholic principles and programmes have subjected the mentality of our own and recent ages. Those who cut themselves adrift from the Christian Tradition declared that Christendom was suffering from morbid, superstitious fear. Religion was accused of having fostered this unhealthy state of affairs. Those who acknowledged the authority of the Church were described as “ priest-ridden,” their manhood was said to have been “ crushed out of them.” The mind was “ enslaved ” by dogma. Christian conceptions of right and wrong were termed “ slave morality.” And, as the revolt spread and

Protestant premisses reached their logical conclusions, writers were hailed as deliverers who boldly defied the powers of Heaven and taught the erstwhile "craven hearted" to boast—

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

A host of such "emancipated" prophets appeared, endeavouring to overcome the "inferiority" complex from which they imagined the world to be suffering. Nietzsche shouted his blasphemies into the dark to show that he was not afraid. The English scientific Materialists proclaimed that the Universe explained itself. In America a whole school of writers taught the sufficiency for himself of the individual, the absence of any external law, the superfluity of a Church. There followed more recently psychological practitioners in the same authentic lineage, who reduced self-confidence to a science and taught their patients how to exorcize the fears that inhibited their impulses. Fear was declared to be the great enemy—fear of any kind. It was therefore to be chased through the subterranean passages of the sub-conscious mind till cornered and throttled.

While the poets and philosophers and psychologists of the new age were thus engaged, the social reformers were, in their own sphere, pursuing a similar course. Not only were supernatural powers to be denied or defied, the lords of this world also were to be challenged. The creed of Socialism, that Jack is as good as his Master, found its prophets and teachers everywhere. Government, said some, must be the expression of the will of the majority, however constituted. The only superiority to be recognized is that of numbers. Neither birth nor brains, much less the innate capacity for command, entitles a man to rule his fellow-men. The majority must rule in industry also, in the mill and workshop; the possession of capital should not mean possession of power. Government? cried others, there must be no government, least of all, by the mob. The individual must be allowed to go his own way. We must free ourselves from the rule and the fear of democracy, as we have got

rid of the fear of priests and kings. For that most irrational of creeds, Anarchy, still has adherents.

Sex dominance again, like economic and social dominance, was challenged. Married life was declared to be, for the wife, a form of slavery. Then followed the attack on motherhood. That also was slavery. Woman, it was said in a hundred different jargons, must expel her "inferiority" complex and take her place side by side with man.

The results of this modern teaching, which, as we have implied, traces its source to the Great Revolt, have not been altogether according to anticipations. In fact they have been curiously similar to those in the case reported by the writer in *The Guardian*. Self-confidence has, it is true, taken the place of fear. The Hereafter has now no terrors for the creedless imagination. Ancient dogmas have lost their former influence over the modern mind. And with the fear of God has disappeared reverence for authority of any kind. It is not only the kingly idea that has gone, but any real notion of God-guaranteed rule. Of this generation it may truly be said that it is not afraid, unless it be of itself, the amazing powers of destruction that its ingenuity has invented, the passions of which its uncontrolled heart has shown itself capable and the perplexities in which its leaderless condition has involved it. But this absence of fear has been accompanied by the loss of other qualities. We miss the sanctuaries that cast their healing shadows over our feverish lives. The softening haze of distant horizons has gone and our world has taken on a hard mechanical appearance. Deprived of the authority that gave definiteness and firmness to their wills, men find themselves tossed on restless seas of indecision. They are the victims of moods that succeed each other like wind-driven clouds across the sky. Released from the fundamental unity which a common tradition once gave, men have lost the sense of brotherhood and, become strangers to one another, are sometimes panic-stricken at the thought of their loneliness and friendlessness. The free-hearted gaiety of a simpler age has vanished and left only the painted mask of pleasure. Too often, respect for seniority, for superior ability, for character, is reckoned a sign of servility, and a loud self-assertiveness takes its place. Our advertisements scream. Our newspapers shout. Our sporting crowds yell. The age which commenced with the worship of Nature has turned to disfigure and rend its god-

ness. Factories cast their blighting shade on the countryside, the wonderful resources of science are degraded, and even the tender sanctuaries of the sky are not safe from the smoke-written advertisements of vulgarly pushful newspapers. We are not even afraid of the stars. The element that immemorial tradition has associated with Heaven and God Himself, has become a hoarding!

What then is the matter with the age? Was it, after all, so wise to eradicate the supposed "inferiority" complex? It is dangerous to meddle with machinery the intricacy of which is not understood. What if, by casting out humility, men should have sapped the foundations of ancient virtues which nothing can replace? The thing begins to look ominous. In discarding the old traditions of Christendom, the reformers have surely been the victims of some fatal fallacy. It may be true that with the advance of "liberty," and the growth of humanitarianism, some harmful superstitions have been exorcized and cruel social wrongs set right. A breach with tradition naturally leads to experiment and enterprise; men are less inclined to live by rote. I would not dispute the assertion that we have succeeded in conquering diseases that plagued our forefathers, although we have invented new diseases to plague our descendants. Our age has certainly discovered many means of protecting health and life, but it is also true to say that we have been prolific in adding to the armoury of Death. The progress of material civilization has been dogged by a shadow worse than any of the phantoms that frightened a more credulous age.

The fact is that the "Reformation" psycho-analysis of our social "inferiority" complex has been a huge blunder. Reverence, deference to authority, sense of responsibility, absence of arrogance and self-assertion—in a word, humility in all its aspects is an essential part of our mental and moral structure. To remove it is, sooner or later, to bring the whole structure tumbling about our ears. The fear of the Lord, wrote an ancient sage, is the beginning of wisdom. The only perfect Man was perfectly humble. Humility of heart was to be the mark of His disciples. Humility is truth—an accurate estimate and a loving acceptance of the creature's essential nothingness and dependence. Only on this foundation can character be soundly built; on this rest all real progress, all sanity and beauty of life. By undue

self-assertion men have been tampering with the mainspring of the human mechanism.

To use the phraseology of the psycho-analysts themselves, is it not possible to "sublimate" the sense of inferiority without destroying it? By directing it to that which alone is worthy of our reverence, God Himself, or God's representative on earth, in the temporal or spiritual orders, the evils we have described would be avoided and, at the same time, all the ancient values, whose loss we deplore, preserved. Moreover, we should thus, in the most effective manner, destroy the superstitions which have marred the religious consciousness and social life of the past, in a way in which the method adopted by our modern teachers is, in spite of all their boasting, powerless to do. It is faith, not rationalism, that is the most deadly foe of superstition. It is subjection to God which is the foundation of our independence of the human tyrant. It is dutiful membership of His Church which protects us from Cæsar's encroachments on liberty of conscience. A thousand martyrs witness to the courage and freedom from the fear of earthly powers that are born of the fear of God. The sense of our inferiority to the Father who created us is the very ground and cause of the sense of superiority to earthly conditions and worldly circumstances. In fact, it is on the rightful development of the "inferiority" complex, or, in plainer language, on the recognition of our duties and our rights as creatures of God Almighty, that all our hopes of the future of the race are based.

STANLEY B. JAMES

CABBAGES AND KINGS

OUR inn, just across from the fantastic old Feuer-turm and entered from the heavy arcade cluttered with stands for small wares where the people came to buy, was nothing like the hostels we glanced into as we passed up the shining broad way through the centre of the town. These were full of well-dressed superior *bourgeois*, profiteers, if all were known, and good simple tourist people who knew no better, dawdling over coffee brewed from the bean of the far Americas or sipping rich wines imported from sunnier lands and sold at a price beyond the every-day purses of honest men. Our inn—entered as I said from the old-world arcade crowded with old-world people in old-world costumes, which they wore with nothing of the self-consciousness of stage supers—was not that sort.

One turned in through the doorway to as solid a set of stairs as ever reassured the obese, and so mounted, through a rich but not unpleasant aroma of cabbages—stored one knew in the vault made by the stairs—to the Room.

The room we had come to call the "Room of the Kings," partly, I suppose, because in chalk upon the small door, placing it and its inmates under the protection of the holy men, were inscribed the letters C + M + B + '24 (Caspar, + Melchior + Balthasar + '24) put there by the acolyte, in cassock and surplice, who accompanied the priest, in stole and cope, as he blessed the house on Epiphany last. There was, too, a kind of divinity that hedged it round: one entered only upon the very special invitation of the master of the house. And within were the Kings.

After a day on the mountains, in the rarefied air, looking out always over incredibly wide spaces, and alone, the Room, pleasantly stuffy with the scent of food and living things, small and secure and full of genial company, seemed most alluring to a pair of tramping Americans.

It was always with a sense of discovery that one twisted the queer little door-handle. The room was so full that it looked tinier than it was. Its wainscot, picked out in minute carvings—almost Asiatic in their fancy and the colours with which they were overlaid—ran three-quarters of the way up the walls to a shelf, atop of which and just below the honest beams of the ceiling, perched a varied and grotesque collection of crude china, pottery, pewter, smaller

trophies of the hunt and floral memories of the summer fields and mountains. Two deep windows—a squat wine-keg upon the ledge of each—effectively kept out an over-bright sun, aided by linen curtains heavily embroidered in red cord with the arms of the old royal family; a charmingly naïve pieta in wood held the place of honour between the lights; around three walls ran honest red-clothed tables before a built-in bench; a high-glazed brick stove and a quaint serving-table shared the fourth wall with the “doorway of the kings.” The place was as autochthonic as the mountains—or better still, as the dialect of these parts.

You must not judge, from this analysis of our first impressions, that our experience was equally multiform. The surroundings formed one with the company and with the talk. Only in reminiscences is it possible to parcel them out for easier conveyance to others. And even so it is only somewhat vaguely that one recalls a conversation which was much punctuated by meditative silences, puffing of pipes, and tilting of tankards, slow nods as eloquent as Lord Burleigh’s, and all the leisured circumstance of the inn-parlour.

So in we went and, amid a general chorus of “Grüss Gott,” “Ich habe die Ehre,” threaded our way after due return of salutations to a place made for us at the table near the tall glazed brick stove.

Council was in session upon the perennial topic of human life, and, for the moment, attack was being made upon some position or other of “Franz Joseph” (for so we dubbed the professor, an elderly image of the late Emperor), who stoutly maintained his point, often by mere good-natured, royal chuckles. The beverage with which they moistened the argument seemed a good full wine with nutriment in it, stuff to make a man face life full of cheer, an honest wine from the hills about, to be had at a price that a self-respecting man can pay. We, too, were soon applying ourselves to our *viertel* brought promptly by the *maidl* (of some forty summers) as a prelude to more substantial things.

Die Herren von America were welcomed heartily (as everywhere hereabouts—and not for our money, which we spent of necessity with stringent economy), and the polite and cordial curiosity about the New World was a help in the way of making conversation. Our new acquaintances took our contributions to the talk with a certain affable eagerness, the normal eagerness of men to hear some new thing. But one *felt* that there was a bit more than that in their

curiosity. In a sense they were evaluating us—and in so far as they could, were estimating through us the spirit of the world across the world.

"There are some enterprises in which a careful disorderliness is the true method," says the smoothly-terrible author of *Moby Dick*, with an echo of Horace, as he discourses whales and philosophy. Certainly a wholesome word this, in the ear of the novelist or the reporter of talk, and one which is too necessary here not to be made a virtue of.

How the matter was introduced I know not, but soon we found ourselves throwing out in fragmentary fashion—to an audience with the humorously-enigmatic faces of 'varsity examiners sitting in hearing after a good dinner—our notions about the object of life. Now, if there is a business that searches the marrow of a man's mind, it is formulating an answer to that same question. If some terrible fellow were to get stark and honest answers to that plain query from the hypnotized statesmen of the world, what an indictment of human wisdom could he not formulate. All bent on progress but few knowing whither—an ant's nest disturbed by a stick! Anon, we were upon the subject of climate and the weather: a matter tremendously important if you will but sit back and consider it in itself and in its relations to the happiness of man on earth, and one not to be rated in seriousness by the small corner it gets on the pages of the metropolitan journals; a ticklish subject too, and one requiring a nice choice of words in its handling, for with the accuracy of a chemical test it discovers in you the least taint of the abominations of determinism.

By a perfectly natural and logical transition—that would look frightfully complicated and "jumpy" in a stenographic report—we were making an excursion into Epistemology and launched into a particular discussion of the realness of the notion of cause. Now there you are at the very bottom of things, right at the solid basis of *the* Jacob's ladder between earth and high Heaven. Men may be divided into those who admit that they have found this ladder and those who do not, and a man's "Yes" or "No" there will tell you a huge deal about him, in fact, it tells you practically all that there is worth knowing under his hat, or his waistcoat, too, for that matter.

We (or at least I) were not aware that, as hinted above, we were undergoing a kind of test—though I had some suspicions—until the theologian, as by accident, dropped the

word *definition*. Then I was certain. I looked him in the eye and he knew that I knew and I raised my glass and clinked with him in a toast to "lucidity" and to "distinctions whereof is the sword of the spirit"—nodding in the direction of St. George in pottery upon the wainscot ledge "for the slaying of dragons." It was a pleasant tournament, a "*catholica et rationabilis locutio*," in the phrase of Bonaventure, that great light of the Schools. But it cannot be detailed here with profit—nay, it cannot be detailed at all; despite the commands of will, memory refuses to come to the aid of intellect.

Later, alone, after the departure of our friends, the last of a last *viertel* already working a cheerful drowsiness in us, we smoked out our cigars over a review of that very kindly colloquium. These people were curious about us and our land: but never a word about the things that get themselves into books; our economics, the sky-scrappers, the subways and elevated trains, Broadway, etc., etc. Had they been set down suddenly upon our shores they would not know what to make of all they saw—it would have been—certainly Fifth Avenue and Broadway would have been—as Mr. Chesterton suggested, a kind of fairyland to them. But as a matter of fact, at this moment they were off upon their several businesses digesting at leisure a fuller and sounder knowledge of us and our people than possessed by many a critic who had filled books—padded with illustrations—with observations from the Western World.

While we were so occupied the mistress of the house requested the honour of having "die Herren von America" with their names in her special guest-book. The honour clearly was ours. Knowing, therefore, that hereabouts were learning and Latin and logic enough to understand and humour, and healthy laughter enough to enjoy what we should write, and that certainly no strait-laced Puritan would see it ever, or, if he did, could make head or tail of it anyway, seeing that such even lack Latin and learning and logic and laughter—the four marks of your true Christian—we set down the following jingle—

Sedere post fornacem,
Habere bonam pacem,
Bibere sanum vinum,
Laudare Deum trinum—

Quâ qui fruuntur vitâ
Ne reges quidem ita,
Quibus via attrita
Et—crambe repetita!

Then out through the door of the Kings to the stair-landing, firm upon its foundation of cabbages, where candles were set and so to bed.

JOHN A. WALDRON.

THE FAITH OF A FAMOUS CLAN

THERE is a poignant little story told by Mr. Henry James of an artist who became possessed of a great desire to paint a picture of Our Blessed Lady which should be an epitome of the representations of all the ages and of all the schools of thought and of art. For years he accumulated materials by ransacking the galleries of the world. He knew the Raphaels and the Rubenses by heart. He had sketches of Giotto and Titian, memories of Moroni and Murillo, notes on Dürer and the Dutchmen. But he never painted his Madonna, and when he died, posterity discovered that his great canvas was nothing but a paralyzed daub! A sad story but doubtless true, and one that could be told also about most books on the famous House of Gordon. The endeavour to paint the picture of the House of Gordon has been tragically disappointing. It began in the middle of the sixteenth century when the Piedmontese monk, John Ferrerius, confronted the task. He has been followed by a long line of patient workers, but the sum-total of their labours bears no sort of proportion to the time spent on it. Delay has increased the difficulty of the subject, the difficulty has made the desideratum seem all the greater, and it has all ended in a "striving and a striving and ending in nothing."

The wide distribution and the fascination of the Clan Gordon is not a mere theory put forward by enthusiasts—it is a statement of a fact. In the *Review of Reviews* for 1903 there is a passage by a famous man which says that the widely-scattered members of this great family are at the heart of most human affairs in all parts of the world.

This is, of course, "journalism," and may not be absolutely valid, but, nevertheless, the task of tracing the fortunes of this family is more impossible than the tracing of any of the other Northern Scots families—the Frasers, McKenzies, Stuarts, Grants, McIntoshs—all of them great names, but none greater than the name of this famous clan, none greater than this famous name which has belonged to Dukes, Lords, Prelates, priests, lairds, farmers, peasants and sheep-stealers!

From the very earliest chronicles and in all the histories

and manuscripts and legends there are to be discovered three outstanding facts about this Clan and these are, that the Gordon chiefs, lairds and clansmen, were all, firstly, great patriots, secondly, great fighters, and thirdly, great Catholics.

To bring out, emphasize, and prove this last fact, the outstanding fact of the Catholicity of the Clan Gordon is the purpose of this paper, and to prove that point there is of course the necessity of quoting from different sources. We are told by the Abbé Macpherson, than whom there is no greater authority on the history of the Catholic Church in Scotland since the so-called Reformation, that the preservation of the ancient Faith "was due under God, to the House of Gordon."

Indeed, this fact stands out very prominently in the history of the seventeenth and of the first half of the eighteenth centuries, and it is confirmed by the fact that whether we follow the titles of the former Dukes of Gordon, or the line of their possessions, we shall always find that the Catholics were protected under their patronage and that, *there*, notable remains of the old Religion still exist. Their possessions extended from Gordon Castle on the north-east coast to Fort William on the west, and throughout this large extent of land there were many Catholic settlements, while the district of Enzie and Glenlivet were the very centre of Catholic life and the nurseries of its priesthood.

If there is one subject which gives greater anxiety to bishops and clergy than another, to-day, it is the training and education of priests to serve on the Scottish mission. We are told that in the year 1710 this matter was giving as great trouble and anxiety to the then bishops and clergy of Scotland and that there was a crying need for the establishment of some institution in Scotland for the training of Scottish youths as priests. The splendid universities, colleges, and educational establishments of Catholic times with all their wealth and endowments were torn from the Catholic Church in Scotland and were in the possession of her bitter and unrelenting foes. The children of that Church, whose love of learning and encouragement of education called those grand institutions into existence, were now in poverty and persecution in the land of their birth; and all that could be done was to found the humble seminary of Scalán in the year 1710.

It was founded on the estate of the Duke of Gordon, in

Glenlivet, Banffshire, by a prelate of the same name, Bishop Gordon, and was a very poor and humble place, but it served its purpose, and within its walls were reared for nearly a century some of the best and most zealous missionaries who ever adorned the Church of God. One writer tells us "it lay in a lonely dell, so overtopped by lofty mountains as to require a continual use of the lamp like the celebrated subterranean cave of Demosthenes."

In a *Chambers' Journal* we come across the following passage:

Notwithstanding the crushing severity of the penal laws, the professors of the Catholic Religion in Scotland contrived to establish about this time, and to maintain one seminary for the preparation of its priesthood; but it was of a character to impress more forcibly the sternness of Protestant prohibition than if there had been none. It was literally a little cottage situated on the bank of the Crombie Water in a very sequestered situation among the mountains.

It was named Scalan, which means obscure or shadowy, and here, far from the haunts of men, living on the proceeds of a small tract of mountain ground, a priest superintended the education of eight or ten boys designed for the most part to complete their course and be ordained on the Continent. Occasionally the rite of ordination was performed at Scalan, and when that happened the newly-ordained priests were called "heather priests." It existed, under the patronage and influence of the House of Gordon, until 1799. It was the influence of this family that enabled Scalan to be opened, to keep open, to flourish and to escape detection and persecution and destruction, and thus also, under God, this famous House furnished priests for the preservation of the Faith.

At the time when the hapless Queen Mary of the Scots lived at Holyrood, John Knox intended to give an indecent and sacrilegious representation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in which the effigy of a priest was to have been burned as he elevated the Host. This outrageous blasphemy was only prevented by the active interference of Gordon, Earl of Huntly. History also tells us that the Queen conferred all the chief offices of Government upon Protestants, such was her great endeavour and desire to conciliate her subjects, but she made one emphatic exception because she conferred office also on that great Catholic—the Earl of Huntly.

He was made Chancellor of the Kingdom in 1554, and he was virtually absolute ruler of the provinces beyond the River Dee. He had offered to restore the Catholic worship throughout Scotland if Mary would land in the North, and the whole "reformed" faction feared and disliked him, because they knew, that, given the opportunity, every Catholic in Scotland would have rallied round the Standard of the Gordon chief.

The Earl of Mar, the Queen's half-brother, had a most vindictive hatred to Huntly and represented his every action to Mary in a false light; he imprisoned Huntly's son, Sir John Gordon, under a false pretext; he refused to allow Mary to accept their hospitality on the grounds that they had treasonable motives. He called upon the castles of Finlater, Auchindown and Inverness, all under the government of the Gordons, to surrender, and hanged the keeper of Inverness upon its castle walls, because he, in the absence of his chief, refused.

There was no end to the injuries and insults that Mar and his confederates heaped upon this great Catholic family. These were terrible times and the fiery cross flashed out continually through the darkness of the night, and the well-known cry "Help! a Gordon! a Gordon!" which summoned the great clan to their chieftain's aid, rang out through the Highlands.

The answer of the Countess of Huntly to a messenger, Captain Hay, who was sent to command Huntly to deliver up one of the Queen's cannon which had been for many years in his possession, emphasizes still more distinctly the reason of this bitter persecution. She was devotedly attached to her holy religion, and she, on this occasion, led the Queen's messenger into the beautiful family chapel. Going up to the altar and pointing to the crucifix she said: "Good friend, you see here the cause of the enmity which is borne my husband. If he had forsaken his God, and his holy religion as those who are about the Queen's person have done, he would not be persecuted and hunted as he is now. The Almighty God Whom I worship and believe in and Who is now upon this holy altar will, I hope, protect us, and let our true meaning be known; and as I have said to you, so, I pray you, let it be said to your mistress, my husband was ever her faithful and obedient servant and so will die her true and devoted subject."

There is an old rhyme which says—

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay?
Put up your caravan
Just for to-day.

But that's exactly what time won't do. It passes always, quickly sometimes, slowly sometimes, but always passes! Time passed and the fortunes of the Gordons rose and fell, but they were ever true to their creed.

In the time of James VI. the then Earl of Huntly became again the head of the Catholic party in Scotland. He commanded them at the battle of Glenlivet, 1590, and the victory was due to him and his clan. James, however, was so enraged at his resistance that he himself marched against the Earl, who was forced to flee to France, that land of exiled Scots. His castle of Strathbogie was stripped of its riches, and the costly tapestries, whose like were nowhere else in Scotland, were taken down and transported to Edinburgh. The Earl remained in exile for three years; then he returned to Strathbogie and was received into favour by the fickle and ever-changing James, who created him first Marquis of Scotland. His castle was rebuilt and became even more splendid than before, and within its spacious walls was built a chapel where Mass was said and which for many years all the Catholics in the district attended.

Then fortune turned again, and in 1606 he was accused of encouraging the Catholics and so injuring the reformed religion: to crown his misfortunes, the "Kirk" excommunicated him!! He was once more out of favour. A short time after this, a feud sprang up between his clansmen and some others of the clan Crichton, who were in favour with the King. The Gordons plundered the Crichton lands, and stole the Crichton cattle, as doubtless the Crichtons would have plundered and stolen theirs had they got the chance. One main occupation of the Highland chiefs in these days, we must remember, was stealing each other's sheep!

The old Marquis was summoned before "the Council" in 1635 for abetting this outrage, and the Crichton influence proved too much for him. He was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. Now, he had braved the King of Scotland to his face before, the old Earl, and doubtless had he been younger, would, when his imprisonment was over, have braved him once again. But he was old and tired. He only wanted to get home to the North among his "ain folk" to die. But

when he reached Dundee, they found that further he could not go. His hour was come. He speedily grew worse, declared his mind to his lady and his friends, recommended his soul to its Maker, and died as he had lived, a true and faithful Catholic.

His widow, an old lady of seventy, was treated very badly after that. She was a daughter of the Duke of Lennox and nearly related to the King, but like all the professing Catholics of that time, she was severely persecuted. She had been a Catholic all her long life, and rather than alter her religion, she left her native land and fled again to France, where she died in exile within a year of her leaving Scotland.

The second Marquis, their son, was a most devout and fervent Catholic, and his clansmen are described, according to the savage fashion of the times, as "for the most part malignants and Papists." He defended King Charles against the Covenant, and he it was who used the memorable and historic words—"You may take my head from my shoulders, but not my heart from my King." They took him at his word and executed him at Edinburgh in the year 1649. On the scaffold he refused the assistance of the Presbyterian ministers and called for a priest. But this favour was denied him.

His grandson went to France, where he was educated in a Catholic seminary, and throughout his life was a brave and staunch upholder of the Catholic Faith. He was one of the last in Scotland to hold out for King James II., and he defended Edinburgh Castle until three days before the battle of Killiecrankie.

Writing of this Duke in 1707, Nathaniel Hooke says:

The territory of the Duke of Gordon is of great extent. He is absolute master of it and ably protects the Catholics. He has given a house to the Bishop on his land and the Prelate lives there with his priests, and the Catholic Religion is exercised openly all over.

In Edinburgh there is a street, an historic street, which is now a terrible slum, called the Canongate, and alluded to, even now, as the "Royal Mile." In this street, in days now past and gone, all the nobility of the land lived, for at its end stands Holyrood Palace, the residence of Kings and Queens. The Gordon House is still standing, and in that same house the Duke had Mass said. The authorities heard

of this, seized the Duke and a large number of people of all ranks as they were met together in the house to hear Mass. The whole party were taken before the Privy Council, when His Grace and seven other offenders also appeared. The Duke spoke so boldly of the laws against his faith and worship that he was immediately imprisoned in the Castle, and the others were put in the Tolbooth.

Then in the year 1722, on a Sunday morning in spring, a bishop was discovered and apprehended by the Magistrate's order, in the same house, as he was hearing confessions before saying Mass. The then Duchess of Gordon was an old lady and still in bed, but the constables of the town-guard, who were charged with the execution of the warrant, insisted on her rising and conducting them over the house. Along with the bishop other Catholics were taken. Some were dismissed, some imprisoned, but suspecting the bishop to be a priest they sent him to prison under a strong guard. Fortunately, they had no suspicion of his being a bishop, or it would have fared worse with him. He was outlawed but did not leave Scotland. He continued his labours in peril of his life.

Bishop Gordon, himself, was born in the Enzie, Banffshire, in 1662, and educated at the Scots College, Paris. He was worthy in every way of his high office. He made many laborious and fatiguing and dangerous journeys through the Highlands and islands of Scotland, in order to visit the priests and people and advise and encourage them, to instruct them, and administer the sacraments of the Church to them. And all this he did at the peril of his life. He died in the year 1746 at the advanced age of eighty-four and worked and prayed and suffered to the very end. Yet there are people to-day who tell us that the Scots have done nothing for the Catholic Faith!!

After this time, the Chief of the Clan moved his headquarters from Strathbogie to Gordon Castle, because it was more out of the way, and more sheltered from Presbyterian interference.

After the rising of 1745, the Duchess herself was the chief support of the Catholics of Scotland for years, but she died in 1773 at a very advanced age. Her brother, the Duke, died while still in his prime. He journeyed to London rapidly in order to protect the little chapel at Enzie from desecration, and to try to propitiate the Government regarding the

violent treatment that one Morrison, a preacher deputed by the General Assembly, had received from his Catholic clansmen. The journey brought on a fatal illness from which he died. Beside his sick-bed, the Rev. Robert Gordon, his chaplain, was actually preparing an altar for Mass, when the Duke suddenly grew worse, the last rites were administered, and he died. He was the last Catholic Duke of Gordon. He had, unhappily, married a lady who was not a Catholic, but who had faithfully promised to carry out the requirements and to bring up her children in what was so very truly the Faith of their Fathers. When the Duke died so suddenly, she deliberately broke all her promises, dismissed the priest and took the little children to the Protestant Church. What a tragic ending to such a gallant struggle for the Faith! The death of the Duke was due to his zeal for his religion. He died, as most of his ancestors had as surely died, a confessor of the Faith.

But with the loss of the Faith, the chief renown of the clan, illustrious though it was in war and politics, was eclipsed.

J. L. GORDON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

IN HONOUR OF ST. THOMAS.

FOR the past year the Church in her various theological assemblies, joined by even non-Catholic thinkers who have knowledge of scholasticism, has been celebrating the sixth centenary of the canonization of St. Thomas Aquinas, her master-mind, perhaps, the master-mind of all time.¹ No one, not even St. Augustine, has ever found so centred in himself the homage due both to heroic sanctity and colossal genius. The fame of other mighty men is local and transitory compared with his whose worship is embedded in the liturgy, and whose intellect dominates the theology, of the undying Church. He is par excellence the champion of the Christian Tradition, and so, naturally, Popes have vied with one another in commending his teaching, especially in post-Reformation times, when non-Catholic speculation and the advance of natural science seemed to threaten the foundations of that Tradition. In addition to pronouncements by the last four Popes imposing the doctrine of St. Thomas on Catholic philosophical and theological schools, the same obligation is embodied in the new Codex of Canon Law.² When we consider that the Church in this matter is not dealing with the deposit of faith or further defining the contents of Revelation, we gather what an extraordinary honour is paid to this great thinker, an honour which ranks him high above all other Catholic doctors except the inspired Apostles.

It may seem to some not of the household of the Faith that this authoritative endorsement of St. Thomas's teaching on points which lie within the ambit of human reason—"the study of rational philosophy and theology"—justifies the accusation often brought against the Church of imposing fetters upon the intellect and pushing beyond due limits her prerogative of infallibility in interpreting divine revelation. It is intelligible enough that, when speculation on some point is found incompatible with some revealed fact, such speculation should, therefore, become untenable: no Catholic but would admit that assertion, since revelation is a surer guide to truth than reason, and, in that assumption, non-Catholics too will not find the doctrine unreasonable. When God speaks the human mind can only acquiesce. But outside such matters, does the Church in her Canon Law and the Popes in

¹ "His marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seems to me to be almost without a parallel." Huxley: *Science and Morals*, p. 142.

² Canons 589 and 1366, § 2.

their decrees guarantee and impose St. Thomas's philosophy in such a way as to compel all her professors and students to give to it complete mental assent in all particulars? Has this elevation of St. Thomas to the rank of Supreme Doctor made him, equivalently, inspired? The questions answer themselves. The Church has not, and has never claimed, the power to define anything as true except what has been divinely revealed and whatever other facts are involved in the efficient exercise of her infallibility. The Scholastic philosophy itself, which enters so intimately into her theological system and underlies all her reasoning upon the divine mysteries, the *philosophia perennis*, which has been so apt a weapon in the hands of her doctors and through which she has elaborated so clear and so consistent a presentation of the faith—even that she has not been commissioned to declare infallibly true. And thus, when she commands this philosophy to be taught in her schools "according to the method, doctrine and principles of the Angelic Doctor," what she wisely aims at is, not the prohibition of theological search and speculation, not the restriction of efforts to apply the Aristotelean discipline to fields of learning which were unknown to St. Thomas, but the preservation of safe theological tradition and of principles which experience has shown to be the best suited to her task of expounding the faith. She has made her own for practical purposes that splendid arsenal of weapons forged by the great Dominican, that vast treasure-house of erudition which he gathered and increased, and she is rightly careful that her children should enter fully into this their inheritance. Whatever else they are taught, they must not leave her lecture-halls without knowing in detail, and being assured of the soundness of, those moral and intellectual principles which she has declared safe norms or rules for the guidance of metaphysical and theological research or speculation.

Naturally, inevitably, around these late Papal letters concerning St. Thomas and his doctrine have arisen keen disputes between the advocates of authority and those of liberty. Our theological journals here and abroad are evidence that the healthy polemic, which in the seventeenth century ran to all extremes in the controversy *De auxiliis*, is still alive in the Church, although now conducted, unlike the material warfare of our time, with all fitting charity and restraint. This is not the place to record the phases of the fight or to calculate its issue. In any case, it is all to the honour of St. Thomas, to whom both parties profess their allegiance, even when they interpret him differently, and the Holy See has wisely left them an ample field for dispute.¹ However, at the Cambridge Summer School this month all will meet, it is to be hoped, in a united effort to show that the fame

¹ See the *Studiorum Ducem* of Pius XI., June 29, 1923.

of St. Thomas, so great in the past, will be greater even in the future, for, if the world is to be saved from its own suicidal folly, it will only be by a practical philosophy of life drawn from his teaching.

J. K.

ST. ALOYSIUS AND HIS MOTHER.

THERE is no passage in the Life of St. Aloysius—indeed, we might almost say, no passage in modern hagiographical literature—which has been more severely criticized than the account given by his biographer, Father Cepari, of the youthful Saint's attitude towards women and especially towards his own mother. Upon those who live in northern climes and who have inherited a healthy British and American tradition of the relations between the sexes in the home, the description more particularly jars. Nothing, it is often urged, and not without force, could be more calculated to call up those very ideas which it is most desirable to banish utterly from the minds of the young, than a suggestion which scents danger in the manifestation of the purest and most elevating of human affections. However, it is not our purpose in the present note to discuss the abstract question, but only to show that if Aloysius's sense of modesty seems exaggerated and even reprehensible, this order of ideas did not originate with him and was not the product of any new-fangled spirituality inculcated by his Jesuit directors. He had very probably learned it from his reading and had found it set out for practical imitation in a mediæval example which was already 300 years old.

But it will be well to have before us the actual words of Father Cepari which have been the occasion of so much criticism. We borrow Father Goldie's translation.

Though he felt no annoyance (of temptation), still out of his great love for the virtue of purity, he put himself upon his guard and he watched over himself and his senses with constant and extraordinary diligence, and especially with regard to his eyes, which he kept in check in order that they might never transgress by looking at anything which could at all be a source of disquiet to him. This was one of the reasons why he ever passed through the streets with downcast eyes. But above all, he disliked all his life long to have to talk or to deal with women. He fled their company to such a degree, that anyone who saw him would have said that he had an inborn antipathy to them. If by chance while he was at Castiglione his mother sent any of her ladies-in-waiting to take him a message, he came to the door so as not to let them in, and at once fixed his eyes on the ground and gave his answer without looking at them, and so sent them away. He did not even like talking with his mother alone. When it chanced that while he was with her, either in the drawing-room or in her own private room, those who were with

her chanced to leave, he either sought for some excuse to go away, or if he could not go he blushed deeply, so exceedingly careful and circumspect was he. A learned man asked him one day, for he had noticed what he did, why he avoided women to such a degree, and even his own mother. He tried to conceal his motive and to show that it was through a natural shyness, rather than from a motive of virtue. One of the agreements he made with his father was that he would, as in duty bound, obey him in everything at once, save as to meeting ladies. And the marquis, who saw how firm he was on that point, kept the agreement in order not to annoy him. In fact, St. Aloysius said that he had never seen some ladies who were near relations to him. So well was his way of acting known to everyone, that at home he used to be called in joke the woman-hater.

Prudish, or even worse, as all this may seem to our Anglo-Saxon ideas, it is not without interest to note that Father Cepari's own words have not been exactly reported by his translators and by later biographers. After all, Cepari only says that the young saint avoided women, even his own mother. Aloysius was asked *per qual cagione fuggisse tanto le donne, anche la signora sua madre*, but the Latin translator has turned this into *ecquid ita mulierum atque adeo matris etiam ASPECTUM aversaretur*, and the first English version renders it, "why he had this aversion from beholding any woman and even his mother herself."¹ Hence the statement has been commonly circulated that Aloysius would not so much as look at his mother; but Father Cepari does not quite say this.

Although the Saint, whom the Holy See has designated the Patron of Youth, is in this country commonly called Aloysius, it is universally understood that the name is only a variant of Luigi or Louis; and, in fact, he is always known in French-speaking countries as Saint Louis de Gonzague. At the present day if people speak of St. Louis they almost invariably mean St. Louis, King of France. Comparatively few are aware that there is another St. Louis (also a canonized Saint and of royal blood) who in the Italian art of the 14th, 15th and even the 16th centuries plays a much more prominent part than the French king.² We do not know whether the points of similarity between St. Louis of Anjou, the Franciscan, and St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the Jesuit, have ever received adequate attention,³ but they are certainly not commonly insisted upon in the Jesuit biographies with which the present writer is most familiar. Apart from the fact that both died at the same age of 23, that both were of exalted

¹ *Life of Blessed Aloysius Gonzaga*. Paris, 1627, p. 30.

² See the article of Beda Kleinschmidt "St. Ludwig von Toulouse in der Kunst" in the *Archivum Franciscanum*, Ap. 1909.

³ Father Cepari does, however, remark in speaking of the death of Aloysius that "he was 23 years old, the same age as was St. Louis, son of Charles II., a Friar Minor of St. Francis and Bishop of Toulouse, to whom St. Aloysius had no small resemblance in several of his virtues."

birth (Louis of Anjou was heir to the throne of the two Sicilies), both spent a certain time in the Spanish court, both resigned all claim to worldly honour, and became Religious, etc., there is one matter of very marked similarity between them in their attitude towards women. I may quote as most conveniently accessible the account given of St. Louis of Anjou in the *Auréole Séraphique* of Père Léon.

Our Lord had inspired in the youthful Saint a special love for the angelic virtue, and he neglected no means of preserving in all its freshness the lovely lily of innocence. . . . Throughout his life he showed extreme modesty in word and look, he used the greatest reserve in all his dealings and he never spoke to persons of the other sex except of necessity and in the presence of a witness. . . . The biographers of the Saint relate other anecdotes, which reveal his angelic modesty and the great delicacy of his soul. Towards the end of his captivity [he was a hostage in Spain], his sister Blanche, who was to be married to the King of Arragon, came to Barcelona to visit the princes her brothers. Louis observed such strict modesty during this visit, that in spite of her entreaties, the princess could not obtain even one look from him. As they were returning to their country, the three princes met their pious mother at Florence. . . . On seeing her children after so long an absence, the queen threw herself into their arms and pressed them to her heart, but Louis turned his face away from the face of his mother. In vain she reminded him that she was his mother and that a mother's tenderness cannot be displeasing to God. The young prince modestly replied: "I know that you are my mother, but I know also that you are a woman, and a servant of God is not allowed to take such a liberty with any woman."¹

Is the resemblance between the practice of Louis of Anjou, who died in 1297, and Aloysius Gonzaga, who died in 1591, purely accidental? We think not. It seems highly probable that the younger Saint regarded the elder as his special patron and modelled himself closely on his example. Indeed this suspicion becomes nigh to a certainty when we note that he loved reading Surius's *Lives of the Saints* and that in Surius Louis of Anjou's avoidance of women is duly insisted on.

H. T.

¹ We have quoted Father Léon, because his account of St. Louis of Anjou is probably the most accessible to English readers (*Lives of the Saints and Blessed of the 3 Orders of St. Francis*, Taunton, 1886, Vol. III., pp. 31—32). Léon only paraphrases Wadding (an. 1296, n. 4). But the essential facts are found in the mediæval Latin Life, "Cum de longinquis partibus veniret, nolebat sorores suas nec matrem propriam osculari. Omnino colloquia et aspectus mulierum evitabat." *Analecta Bollandiana*, ix. 300.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The London
Peace
Conference.**

Once again the issue of European peace waits upon the decision of a few men gathered together in London. If these men really represented the peoples to whom war has brought nothing but hardship and bereavement, their task would be an easy and speedy one. They would feel and know that no material considerations, no desire to inflict punishment, no insistence upon unmitigated justice even, should be allowed to stand in the way of the restoration of friendly co-operation amongst the late belligerents, for much more is to be gained by such co-operation than by the exaction of reparations at the cost of peace postponed. And the greatest of all gains would be that security which France is vainly seeking in preponderance of force. No more hopeful word has been uttered since the Armistice than that declaration of M. Herriot to an interviewer that he would welcome a pact within the League between England, France and Germany, for mutual security. If those three great Powers, whose distrust, actual and political, of each other keeps Europe in a ferment, became fast friends, who would dare to disturb the peace of the Continent? The bellicose Balkans which have not yet emerged from the level of civilization that makes warfare normal, could be kept in check by economic pressure alone, whilst the burden of armaments, the price exacted by our mutual fears, would be lifted from the necks of the nations. This is not mere idealism but a very possible policy, if public opinion were not so commonly misguided and misrepresented by the Press.

**The
Anti-Peace
Press.**

Those who are not obsessed by the evil spirit of nationalism must have viewed with abhorrence the attempts made both here and in France by partizan papers to destroy the good understanding between the English and French Prime Ministers. Anti-clerical though he be, or under anti-clerical influence, M. Herriot has sound Christian views on the necessity of establishing peace. He wants the peoples of Germany and France who have no quarrel with one another and no unjust designs on one another's rights to come to an understanding. But those to whom "hatred of the Hun" is more congenial than the Gospel, caught at details of the informal intercourse between the two peacemakers, to raise the cry of betrayal and to start that pernicious press-polemic which consists in the imputation of base motives and the calling of vile names. Prominent in this evil game have been the *Daily Mail* writers on this side and a certain fire-brand called "Pertinax," in France. Such men are real dan-

gers to the peace of the world. It would seem that the crisis which for a moment threatened M. Herriot's position was purely press-created, engineered by politicians who set party before their country's good. The fact that the press thrives through quarrels, threats, misunderstandings and friction of all kinds makes it difficult to suggest a remedy. Perhaps a glimmer of hope lies in the World's Advertisers, who, after all, control the press and who, at the end of their Wembley meeting, passed the following resolution:—

Whereas we, the delegates to the 20th annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World assembled in London, England, in July, 1924, realizing that we represent the business men and the avenues of publicity of the progressive nations of the world, appreciate the unspeakable tragedy of the Great War which staggered and overwhelmed the world ten years ago: Therefore be it resolved—

(1) That we declare it our firm conviction that war as a method of adjusting international misunderstandings is the supreme peril of humanity, and that we affirm the leaders of the nations of the world ought now to be called upon promptly to take such steps as will guarantee the security of the people against the return of the use of aggressive force. We condemn war as the enemy of human progress, and futile as a means of adjusting disputes among the nations.

(2) That we pledge our utmost endeavour to awaken a more intense public sentiment against all those insidious movements which have a tendency to arouse war passions, and to favour all proper efforts which are working to accomplish universal enduring world brotherhood and peace. We call upon the Advertising Clubs of the World to make this message of international good will part of their permanent programme until war shall have a place only in history, and world service, comradeship, and international co-operation shall become universal.

If the Advertising Clubs of the World are in earnest in this matter, they will promptly make a list of the papers that habitually, by their selection of news and their comments thereon, "arouse war passions," and then—take measures to withdraw advertisements from those enemies of human progress. Those business men seem alive to the evils of war; let them then unite to bring home to the war-mongerers of the sensational press their responsibility in this matter. Appeals like that made by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, on July 8th, to the International Union of Press Associations "to minimize differences between nations, to magnify agreements, and to do all that is possible to prevent national

party politics interfering with great international issues" are of little weight compared with the threat of withdrawing financial support.

**The Italian
Press Law.**

Signor Mussolini is trying another way to curb the irresponsible exuberance of the Press, "the untempered polemics and tendentious and false news" which it publishes. He intends to en-

force a law passed last year, which gives the authorities power to supervise newspaper publications and to punish such offences as—

Prejudicing diplomatic action of the Government or damaging national credit at home or abroad or creating unjustifiably alarm among the population or in any way disturbing public order by publication of false or tendentious news.

Inciting persons to commit actions calculated to lead to the intensification of class hatred, the disobedience of the law or of the orders of the competent authorities, the disturbance of discipline among public servants, the favouring of the interests of foreign States, companies, or individuals as against Italian interests, or the libelling of the country, the King, the Royal Family, the Pope, the State religion, the institutions and powers of the State or friendly Powers.

These undoubtedly *are* offences, and all decent persons would rejoice if some effective means were found of preventing them. But to put into the hands of the Government of the day such vague and extensive powers of suppressing free discussion, in addition, be it noted, to the usual civil law regulating the Press, is a step towards State despotism which lovers of liberty must deprecate. Newspaper criticism of Government, as we see daily in our midst, is frequently captious, ignorant and unfair, but a despotic Government control of the Press would be a worse evil.

**The Difficulties
of the Labour
Government.**

An illustration of Press unfairness may be found in the taunts uttered by the Opposition papers whenever the present minority Government meets a defeat or seems reluctant to ad-

vance its avowed policies. From the very nature of the case, this Government cannot pass any measure except with the help of one or other of the Opposition parties. It was in view of this that Mr. MacDonald declared, when he took office, that he would pay no regard to defeats on minor points of policy. In these circumstances the Government might fall seven times in the day and yet be justified in carrying on. As a matter of fact, its record differs little from what might be expected from one

or other of the old parties. Sometimes it passes a Liberal measure with Liberal support, and sometimes a Conservative measure with the help of Conservatives. It has done nothing to heal the gaping wound of unemployment. No great schemes of productive work, such as road-making, afforestation, reclamation of waste lands, canalization, to promote which all parties could have joined, have been proposed. Its one great measure to relieve the fundamental need of the country—the provision of decent housing for the landless wage-earner—is hampered by doubtful finance and the lack of an effective guarantee that the building-trade will “play fair.” Consequently there is much opposition, and Mr. Wheatley has had to call the other parties into consultation in order to get his Bill through as an agreed measure. Certainly, if there is one question on which all parties should agree, it is the removal of this blot on our civilization. And all parties should combine to prevent anyone, whether builder or landowner or workman, from making undue profit out of the nation's need. It is said that limitation of output on the part of the men, and cost of material enhanced by building-rings, make it impossible to erect houses whose rental shall be within the means of the worker and yet yield a fair profit to the builder. Into this maelstrom of conflicting interests the Labour Minister has plunged. It will need the sincere co-operation of all parties to bring him safely through, and the electors will do well to take stock of the issue. The next election will probably be determined by party-action in regard to this question.

**A Conflict
of
Selfishness.**

The selfishness that brings about strikes and lock-outs without regard to the country's welfare is still rampant amongst us. The Communists, who want at any cost to upset the existing social system, are no doubt active in promoting trouble, but it is to be feared that the workers' unreasonable impatience with the Government is playing into their hands. The building unions are apparently inflexible in regard to admitting unskilled labour, but, if dilution was a necessity during the war, it is much more necessary now in order to restore the waste the war produced. The chief difficulty in the way of erecting houses, speedily and in sufficient numbers, is the lack of labour. And yet this is the precise moment chosen by the representatives of the building operatives to declare a strike on a question of wages and hours of work, and to refuse to postpone its action, pending the decision of a Court of Inquiry set up by the Government! An inquiry was clearly called for, in view of the charges of bad faith made by either party against the other, and charity, which no less than justice, should govern all these disputes, surely demanded the suspension of hostilities affecting the community,

until the Government, representing the community, possessed the facts of the case and could pronounce upon them. In the event this Court declared, on July 16th, that there had been honest misunderstanding on both sides, and, as a consequence, negotiations will be resumed, and presumably, the strike called off. Still, if both parties were mistaken, both parties were equally blameworthy, the employers for rejecting an agreement which their negotiators had effected, and the operatives for refusing to work pending the Inquiry. Reckless and selfish action of the kind amongst men engaged in services of national moment strengthens the hands of those who wish to endow the State with powers of compulsory arbitration.

**Better Cheap
Houses
than none.**

Meanwhile, why does not the Government allow the erection of wooden houses, which are so common in America? Or foster the employment of other substitutes for the brick and

mortar which put us at the mercy of the dilatory builder and the selfish Trade Union? A correspondent in *The Times* (July 18th) writes:

The man who invents a method of house-manufacture less ridiculously laborious than sticking together by hand 25,000 or 30,000 separate bits of material will go down to history as the greatest housing reformer of all time.

Emergency houses are demanded by the emergency. They need not be deficient in comfort nor ugly to look at, although not built of lasting material. They can easily surpass, in any case, the over-crowded, disease-laden slums which they replace. With the return of prosperity and the better distribution of wealth which the future will bring, they in time can be replaced if necessary by others more durable. The existing shortage of two million houses with the yearly increase of demand will provide occupation for generations of builders.

**Commonwealth
or
Empire?**

The reclamations of Canada concerning the representation of the Dominions in the London Conference, the rejection of Imperial Preference, the appointment of a Minister to America

from the Irish Free State, the disturbed state of India, are all signs that the British Empire has not yet reached the term of its development. Theoretically it is the least Imperial of Empires: its self-governing portions are allotted a status of absolute equality with England, and the hold maintained on the other portions is expressly declared to be terminable when they too attain the faculty of self-government. This is in strong contrast with the policy of other nations which look upon their dependencies as their possessions, to be used primarily in their own interests.

It is a pity that the distinction is not marked even in the name given to the British system. The connotation of Empire does not suit it. Even before the thirteen American colonies revolted from Britain, John Adams, who afterwards succeeded Washington as second President, wrote:

I say that we are not part of the British Empire: because the British Government is not an Empire; . . . it is a limited monarchy. If Aristotle, Lévy and Harrington knew what a republic was, the British Constitution is much more like a republic than an Empire. . . . An Empire is a despotism, and an emperor a despot, bound by no law or limitation but his own will.

And recently the *Manchester Guardian*, speaking of the Wembley Exhibition, enlarged on the danger of using a word which has always meant something different, to describe the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Empire [it writes] itself has come to be an expression, not for power of vast range wielded from a centre, but for political unity on a greater than national scale. . . . It is a pity that language has not devised the convenient words, substantival and adjectival, which express this idea. "Empire," "Imperial," "Imperialism," hold their own through the sanction of long usage. . . . But, in fact, there is a grave ambiguity in their use which is the source of political dangers.

If the word had not been already appropriated to an even more extensive federation, the "British League of Nations" might describe the system accurately enough, but we should still have to seek for an adjective and an abstract noun.

**A Methodist
insults
Catholics.**

The Wesleyan Methodists as a body, like other Nonconformists, stand for peace. Lately in the United States, the Methodist General Council adopted an anti-war resolution which, while steering clear of the extreme, illogical, pacifist position, pledged the body to labour for the elimination of the causes of war, individual and collective. Here is a paragraph which gives the gist of the whole:

We set ourselves to create the condition for peace. Selfish nationalism, economic imperialism and militarism must cease. The establishment of the principle that conscription of wealth and labour must be the counterpart of any future conscription of human life will be a powerful deterrent against war. As great odium must be put upon the war profiteer as was ever put upon the slacker. The protection of special privileges secured by investors in foreign

lands has too often imperilled the peace of nations. This source of danger must be prevented. The rights of the smallest nation must be held as sacred as those of the strongest. We hold the cause of peace dearer than party allegiance, and we shall tolerate no dilatory or evasive attitudes on the part of those who represent us.

We set ourselves to create organization for peace. Grateful to our Government for its leadership in the movement toward reduction of armaments and the promotion of tribunals for international arbitration, we insist upon a more decided and aggressive policy in these directions.

This excellent Christian spirit appears also in the inaugural address of the new President of the Wesleyan Conference in England who declared (July 16th) that the forty millions of Methodists the world over "could do a great deal to paralyse the blood-red hand of war and bring in an era of universal peace and good will."

It is a pity that this apostle of peace should think it necessary in the next sentence to declare war against the largest body of Christians in the world. "With Vaticanism," said Mr. Burnet, "as a semi-political institution, at all places and at all times the enemy of political, social and religious freedom, Methodism cannot even make a truce." Is it not time that we were spared this outworn polemic, the survival of an age of bigotry, ignorance and intolerance? The political activities of Methodism are notorious, yet Catholics do not attack Methodists for using their civil rights to promote their views on peace, education and so forth. Why then should Mr. Burnet go out of his way to offend a body of his fellow-citizens, who do no more than Methodists do, by assailing, under cover of a phantom "Vaticanism" and in terms of outrageous insult, the system of ecclesiastical government under which they live?

Sir G. Gilbert
Scott's
great Cathedral.

Many careless journalists spoke of the dedication of the new Cathedral at Liverpool as the first ceremony of the kind since long before the Reformation. *The Times*, mindful both of Truro and of Westminster, showed greater accuracy in describing "the consecration of a wholly new Anglican Cathedral in England" as "an event that has not happened for centuries." The writer would have been more accurate still, if he had said the event had never happened before. The ancient Cathedrals, now in the hands of the Anglicans, were all taken by the tyranny of the Tudors from the Catholics who built them, and were assigned to the new national religion which Elizabeth and her ministers intended to supplant Catholicism. These have served the needs of the National Church up to the present, but with the

beginning of the century the wealthy Anglicans of Liverpool determined to erect a Cathedral worthy of their city's pride of place. In so far as this is a witness to the survival of Christian ideals in a materialistic age and place, we can rejoice in its erection and, of course, it merits admiration as a great monument of modern architecture. As for its religious character, it goes without saying that the building itself is a thoroughly Protestant one, as was the ceremony by which it was dedicated on Saturday, July 19th. The King's speech at Liverpool, wherein he said of the architect, Mr., now Sir, Giles Gilbert Scott,—“The necessity of ensuring that a very large congregation should be able to see and hear a preacher, introduced into his task a complication which did not trouble the builders of the Middle Ages”—showed that His Majesty is aware of the difference between a building erected for sacrificial worship and one built for preaching sermons. The tradition of Liverpool has always been soundly Protestant. Not long ago the Bishop, in deference to a Protestant memorial, forbade the lighting of the altar-candles during service, although he allowed the candles and candle-sticks to remain: so anxious was he not to countenance “Anglo-Catholic” notions of Christ's presence in the Eucharist, and of the Communion service being a Sacrifice. Consequently, we were not surprised to find that in the “consecration service” itself the altar was entirely ignored.

**No Monument
for Byron
at Westminster.**

The action of the Dean of Westminster in firmly rejecting the proposal that the poet, Byron, should have a monument in Westminster Abbey, will meet with the approval of all decent Christians. He based his decision on grounds of the highest principle. The Abbey stands primarily to witness to Christ and His law. Byron to the end of his life was a notorious violator of that law and, as he used his poetic genius to express his licentiousness, it is impossible to separate the man from his work. The Dean will now of course become a target for the shafts of the “emancipated,” the loose-livers and the free-thinkers, who hate the stern morality of the Gospel and are always ready to crucify Christ again. We shall have the antinomians teaching us that genius is a law to itself, not to be bound by ascetic conventions. But, if so attacked, he will receive the sympathy and support of all who hate licentiousness. In the letter explaining and justifying his refusal, the Dean meets the obvious retort that the names of various dissolute persons are already commemorated in the Abbey. He admits and deplores the fact, due to “the low standard of opinion in the eighteenth century.” Perhaps his courageous action may ultimately lead to the establishment elsewhere of a National Hall of British Worthies, and free that glorious old Catholic shrine from the incubus of its monuments.

**An
Anglo-Catholic
Rally.**

Just before the Protestant Anglicans dedicated their great Cathedral in the North, "Catholic" Anglicans celebrated with great circumstance the anniversary of their great Congress of last year at the Albert Hall. In contrast to the forty-five Bishops and Archbishops assembled at Liverpool there were two, both "Colonials," on the London platform. But the "Anglo-Catholic" is nothing if not optimistic, and the proceedings on July 16th were marked by a note of triumph, for which the onlooker finds little justification. The speakers implied or asserted that the direction of the Anglican Church would be presently in their hands, and exhorted their hearers to prepare for that great day. They had this to encourage them that the House of Clergy in the National Assembly had approved (by 103 to 98 votes) of the Reservation of the Sacrament although Dr. Darwell Stone had proclaimed that they (the "Anglo-Catholics") wanted it for purposes of adoration and not only for the benefit of the sick. But that seems slender grounds for their confidence of victory, since the other Houses are certain to reject the concession. However, there was no mistaking the devotion and enthusiasm of the thousands assembled in the Albert Hall. The first to address them was Sir Henry Slessor, the Solicitor-General, and his speech was perhaps the most remarkable of all. For the gist of it was that, now that "Anglo-Catholicism" had aroused the will and the emotions, it must address itself to the intellect and formulate a definite code of belief. They must begin by defining their attitude towards authority. They must settle whether the Tridentine basis of faith is the right one. They must ascertain the true purpose of Reservation of the Sacrament, and not reject Transubstantiation as obsolete mediæval metaphysics. They must see whether "Anglo-Catholicism" has authority to canonize saints. And so on.

**"Anglo-Catholics"
still
without a creed.**

As one reads the Solicitor-General's remarks one wonders why it did not occur to his mind that a Church which is supposed to derive from antiquity, to be, indeed, the identical Church founded by Christ, and which has not yet formulated a definite creed, cannot be what it pretends to be. The Church familiar to us from the Gospels and Epistles was in no doubt of its possessing a principle of authority: it bound and it loosed and it condemned those who contumaciously rejected its teaching. It is in vain that Sir Henry Slessor calls upon the "holiest and the wisest" of the "Anglo-Catholics" to get into Conference and find a firm intellectual basis for their enthusiastic devotion. Nothing infallibly certain can proceed from the deliberations of fallible men. "Even prayer and love," says Bishop Knox, most

logical-minded of Anglicans, "cannot make twice two five." The "Commission on Doctrinal Unity" appointed last year by the two Archbishops to do just what Sir Henry desiderates, viz., to consider the nature and grounds of Christian doctrine with a view to demonstrating the extent of existing agreement within the Church of England, and with a view to investigating how far it is possible to remove or diminish existing differences,

has not yet presented a Report, but, with the debates in the House of Clergy before him, can any sane man expect anything definite from their deliberations? In the matter of revealed religion there is no medium between a living, divinely guaranteed, and therefore infallible authority and the exercise of private judgment, however skilfully camouflaged.

No genuine
faith in
Anglicanism.

The curious intellectual haziness, which alone makes the profession of "Anglo-Catholicism" possible to the sincere, has lately been much in evidence in other quarters besides the Albert Hall. Impatient of their doctrinal vagueness, a number of Anglicans have banded together in what they call "The Catholic League," the basis and bond of which is acceptance of the whole Tridentine creed. Yet surely Trent, which was convened by Papal authority, recognized the Sovereign Pontiff as St. Peter's successor and Head of the Church, to whom, therefore, in his capacity of Teacher and Ruler, obedience was due. Nevertheless, these good men differ from Trent in this and refuse obedience. Their choice of the Tridentine creed, therefore, is not made through a sense of duty, since they feel themselves free to reject part of it: they have made no act of faith. Only a life-long habit of mentally embracing contradictory doctrines could produce this phase of self-deceit. Again, the Bishop of London, that most naïve of theologians, openly rejoices in the comprehensiveness of Anglicanism, which is evangelical enough to satisfy those who should logically be dissenters, and Catholic enough to prevent the Catholic-minded, poles apart from the former in doctrine, from joining the Church of Rome! Finally, the renewed controversy, in the National Assembly and in the papers, on Prayer-Book Revision reveals the old inability to recognize or to acknowledge the radical cleavage of fundamental beliefs amongst members of the same Church, implied in the desperate device of different "uses."

The *Church Times* in a recent issue accuses us of "making merry" over these and similar saddening facts. On the contrary, if we stress them now and again, it is only with the object of helping confused minds to see the source of their confusion—the endeavour to secure unity of belief without the principle of

unity, a living and infallible authority, and to practise the obedience of faith whilst retaining the full exercise of private judgment.

**The Church
and the Eastern
Schismatics.**

Especial interest attaches to the Congress which is to open at Velehrad in Czechoslovakia at the beginning of this month between Catholic and Orthodox theologians, to discuss the possibilities of reunion—the word is applicable here—between the Church and the schismatic bodies of the East. The Holy Father is to send a special representative, and a most searching and interesting agenda has been drawn up, dealing with history and doctrine and practical efforts at union. In reference to the views of the Archbishop of Lemberg, expressed in our columns in May of last year,¹ to the effect that reunion with the schismatic East could best be brought about by members of Latin monastic Orders embracing the Oriental rites and acting as missionaries, it is very noteworthy that the Pope has urged upon the Benedictines a practical policy of this sort. He wishes the various Benedictine Abbeys to set monks to study the Eastern Liturgies, if possible at the Oriental Institute in Rome, and even hopes that one day a Benedictine Congregation of the Eastern Rite may be established. Catholics will regard with intense interest the issue of this Congress and pray that it may mark the triumph of religion over racial sentiment, and the beginning of a return of the Eastern dissidents to the obedience—not of the Western Church, for there is no such entity, but of the Church Universal whose centre and head are in Rome.

**Bigotry
in
U.S.A.**

By the enforced retirement of Governor Alfred Smith from the democratic candidature, enforced by the *impasse* caused by rival claimants, America, the land of the free, has lost the chance of demonstrating her freedom by electing a Catholic President. Reports are almost unanimous to the effect that the Governor of New York would have been selected but for his staunch Catholicism. His fitness as an administrator, a man of character and integrity, a popular leader, a sound American, was universally recognized. But he is a Catholic and that vile secret society, the Ku Klux Klan, which, in the States, is the bane of political life and a solvent of national unity, would have none of him. It rules by terrorism and bribery, and, though universally denounced, though exposed time and again as corrupt and corrupting, it appears to be very widely feared. Not even *The Times*, safe here in England, dares to say what it really is but describes it as “that eccentric, picturesque and melodramatic

¹ “How to reunite Latin and Orthodox.”

organization which, nevertheless, has strong principles at heart"¹—a description which, if not dictated by ignorance, seems the last word in hypocrisy. This particular result of the "eccentricity" of the K.K.K. shows, at any rate, that many in the U.S.A. have yet to learn the first principles of democratic freedom, a reflection already aroused by the passing of Prohibition into law.

**Rejection of
Bishop of Oxford's
Temperance Bill.**

The fear of a similar act of majority tyranny, joined perhaps to a prudent regard to personal interest—for not without point has the Peerage been sometimes called the "Beerage"—caused the rejection of the Bishop of Oxford's Temperance Bill by the Lords on July 8th, although local "no-licence" was only one of many "options" permitted by the Bill. The Peers would not even hear of reference to a Select Committee of inquiry, but mustered to an unprecedented extent and rejected the second reading by 166 to 50. In this way do Temperance extremists hurt the cause of Temperance. Meanwhile, the evil remains unremedied and excessive drinking takes a deadly toll of the health and wealth, the virtue and well-being, of the community. There is no denying that the Trade is set against any reform which would lessen the consumption of strong drink, and it is still more evident that no political power, as things are at present, can match and master the power of the Trade. It is a matter which, sooner or later, Government must take in hand, and, by its resistance to efforts aimed at its reform, the Trade is inevitably, here as it did in the States, paving the way for Prohibition. If it cannot be mended, people will want to end it.

THE EDITOR.

¹ *Times'* Leader, July 10th.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Blessed Sacrament, Cultus of, a legitimate development [*Tablet* against Anglican *Guardian*, July 5, 1924, p. 3].

Christian therefore Catholic, by Rev. H. G. Hughes [*Month*, August, 1924, p. 126].

Mass, Père de la Taille's theory of the, defended [M. de la Taille in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, July, 1924, p. 74: in *Ecclesiastical Review*, July, 1924, p. 1].

Peter: the Source of the Episcopate [Mgr. Batiffol in *Revue des Sciences Religieuses*, July, 1924, p. 440].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Catholic Defensive Action, A Call for [*Etudes*, July 20, 1924, p. 129].

Catholicism not bigotry, by H. E. Calnan, D.D. [*Month*, August, 1924, p. 106].

Christ—or Chaos [J. M. Gillis, C.P., in *Catholic World*, July, 1924, p. 524].

Heresy in Episcopalianism: the case of Bishop Brown [Floyd Keeler in *America*, June 28, 1924, p. 250].

Ku Klux Klan in New York [*America*, July 5, 1924, p. 283].

Ludendorff's attacks on Catholicism [Baron F. von Lama in *America*, July 5, 1924, p. 274].

Reformation, Root-Error of [S. B. James in *Month*, August, 1924, p. 139].

Torquemada and the Inquisition: Refutation of R. Sabatini's charges against [Bede Jarrett, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, July, 1924, p. 232].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Books, Ancient, and Publishers [Dom John Chapman in *Downside Review*, July, 1924, p. 119].

Catholics in Germany. Present condition of [*Documentation Catholique*, July 19, 26, p. 67 sqq.].

Franciscans, The First, in England [T. S. Westbrooke in *Cathedral Chronicle*, July, 1924, p. 123].

Jews: their treatment in pre-Reformation England [V. Telfer in *Catholic World*, July, 1924, p. 433].

Lenin: an estimate of his character [H. du Passage in *Etudes*, July 20, 1924, p. 153].

Miracles, The Evidence required for, according to the New Code [J. M. Berthau in *Revue Apologétique*, July 1, p. 411].

Prohibition, Catholic Argument against [J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B., in *Catholic Times*, July 12, 1924, p. 16: The Prohibition Law as morally binding [J. Elliot Ross, C.P., in *Homiletic Review*, July, 1924, p. 946].

Protestantism: the issue before [Floyd Keeler in *America*, July 5, 1924, p. 273].

REVIEWS

I—UNIVERSAL HISTORY¹

THERE is probably no branch of knowledge in which the average Englishman feels himself so inadequately instructed as the subject of General History. In every stage of public education up to and including the University, the subject is neglected. Prof. de Burgh, in the interesting volume before us, puts the matter bluntly but quite correctly as follows: "There are many who have received a classical education, yet have never formed a coherent view of ancient civilization as a whole. They have studied portions of the Old Testament, selected books of Greek and Latin authors, and the outlines of Greek history to Alexander and of Roman history to Augustus. But they possess the vaguest notions of the connections and relationships that gave structure to the life of antiquity, or of the manner in which its several civilizations combined to influence the mediæval and modern world. How few there are, even among those who have graduated in arts in our universities, who could tell within a century the dates of Constantine, Augustine, Justinian, Mahomet and Charles the Great; or could give an intelligent account of their historical significance! . . . The study of antiquity is still over-much confined within watertight compartments. Courses in universal history should surely form part of the ordinary curriculum in our colleges and schools."

This work is intended as an introductory survey of the general history of European civilization; and very admirably it seems to us to achieve that purpose. Indeed we know of no work on the subject which we would more confidently recommend. The author adopts the Catholic interpretation of history, Christianity being the crowning achievement for which Israel, Greece and Rome were, in various ways, the preparation. We do not mean to imply that the work is a theological tract. On the contrary it is a thoroughly critical piece of history, in which all the factors in human development,—politics, law, philosophy and the arts—are carefully delineated. If Roman Christianity appears as the *dénouement* of the whole action in the drama of Mediterranean civilization, this is rather the spontaneous outcome of the narrative itself than a controversial conclusion extorted by argument.

¹ *The Legacy of the Ancient World.* By W. G. de Burgh, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, University College, Reading. London: Macdonald and Evans. Pp. 461. Price, 15s. 1924.

Either accept this reading of facts, the author seems to say, or give up the hope of any philosophy of history whatever.

Like most modern scholars, Prof. de Burgh fully recognizes the paramount value of the Roman See in early times, as affording "a natural centre of intercommunication for the Churches of Christendom." Also he admits that these other Churches looked to Rome with a "natural veneration." But he will have it that this position was *de facto* rather than *de jure*. "The Roman bishops claimed no right to override the autonomy of local Churches. . . . But Rome felt from early days an instinctive consciousness of œcumenical responsibility." Here, of course, Catholics must dissent. Rome never appears in Church history as a merely sentimental centre. The note of authority is perceived in her from the first. She does claim, and claim successfully, in the teeth of occasional resistance, the right of interference in remote quarters of the Church. The veneration and prestige which she enjoys, are not accorded merely in the instinctive and unreflective way that the writer suggests. These sentiments are so universal, and so momentous are their consequences that the historian is bound to presume their *de jure* character unless convincing evidence to the contrary is forthcoming. Rome has always acted upon this presumption and has never, even from the earliest times, hesitated to assert it formally. This is an impressive fact. Rome's continuous tradition constitutes a testimony which could only be rebutted by an equally continuous contrary tradition; and such a tradition has never existed.

There is one other point of main importance on which we most regretfully disagree with Prof. de Burgh. Speaking of the triumph of Christianity, he says: "It was neither the Church nor dogma, but the overpowering impression of Christ's Personality that in the space of two hundred and fifty years gained for the Christian gospel the allegiance of the Mediterranean world." The question straightway suggests itself: How then was this overwhelming impression of Christ's Personality conveyed to men, how was it propagated through the world, except by the teaching, the organization, and the sacred liturgy of the Church? As for dogma, the Church of the second century is as severe on that head as the Church of the Nicene age. In admitting the modern thesis of a threefold element in Catholicism—the institutional, the intellectual, and the mystical—and in setting the three in mutual opposition, the author is attempting a distinction which is entirely repugnant to Catholic thought. Inevitably, this position leads to that Ritschlianism or Modernism which the author in the concluding section of his work so emphatically repudiates. Anything that belittles the Church's function as the vehicle of revelation—even under the plea of magnifying the

Personality of our Lord,—throws open the door to pure subjectivism, and the denial of all the historical basis of Christianity. The result of this denial can best be described in the words of Prof. de Burgh himself: "A Christianity cut adrift from the course of history is no longer a gospel of salvation for all mankind: it has become the preserve of an enlightened few. The world cannot be redeemed by an abstraction." Precisely: and the means appointed by God to save His revelation from such a decadence, is the visible, hierarchical, sacramental and dogma-enforcing Church.

We cannot take leave of this work without a final word of congratulation and thanks to its author.

2—C.O.P.E.C.¹

THE meeting in Birmingham last April of the "Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship" was preceded and has been followed by abundance of explanatory and descriptive literature, some of which is here under review. The withdrawal of formal co-operation on the part of Catholics in the actual Conference marked both the inability of its chief promoters to separate morality, and therefore religion, from public life and the inability of those who have a definite faith to join in fruitful endeavour with those who do not accept it. The Conference Committee naturally wished to base everything upon God's Nature and His Purpose in the world, but being outside the Catholic Tradition, their estimate of those high subjects was in some regards unorthodox. Moreover, their very anxiety to unite all organized Christian bodies in the effort to Christianize politics and economics implied a conception of the Church quite inadmissible by Catholic teaching. However, all Catholics sympathized with their aims and, if they are critical of their premises and methods, it is only lest those aims should be hampered or obscured by mistakes in practice. We all desire that God's moral law should govern all public and private relations and that civilization, so far as it has become apostate, should be rebaptized and made Christian again.

The three Reports under review represent the labours of three out of the twelve "commissions" which for a year or more met and discussed the subjects severally entrusted to them, and then drew up an account of their considered views for discussion at

¹ *The Proceedings of C.O.P.E.C.* Edited by the Rev. W. Reason. London: Longmans. Pp. xi. 295. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Christian Citizenship: the Story and Meaning of C.O.P.E.C.* By Rev. E. Shillito. Pp. ix. 118. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *C.O.P.E.C. Commission Reports.* Vol. I. Pp. xii. 178. Price, 3s. n.; Vol. IV. Pp. xii. 214. Price, 3s. n.; Vol. VIII. Pp. ix. 100. Price, 2s. n. London: Longmans.

the actual Conference. Vol. I. contains the views of members of various "Churches" on the "Nature of God and His Purpose in the World," and discusses such subjects as "God in Christ," "God and Nature," "God and Man" and "God and Sin." Inevitably the tone of the exposition is tentative and hesitating. The treatise is eloquently written and contains much that is true and well-expressed, but there is no "teaching with authority," all is suggestive, and the possibility of varying views on points of Catholic faith seems everywhere admitted. "The Relations of the Sexes" are dealt with in Vol. IV., and here again, amidst much that is lofty and beautiful, we come across divisions of opinion on matters of primary importance, such as artificial conception control and divorce. As regards morality as well as faith the message of C.O.P.E.C. is sometimes false or ambiguous. Finally, in Vol. VIII. "Christianity and War," the question of the intrinsic morality of war is left open: the Commission, after stating with great ability the case for both sides, has no definite guidance on this fundamental point.

The volume recording the *Proceedings of C.O.P.E.C.* tells us how the various Reports were received and discussed at the Birmingham Conference, giving the introductory and supporting speeches *in extenso* and the gist of the debate in each case. The impression of indecisiveness given by the Reports is here deepened, for discussion was free, and revealed, naturally enough, much divergence of opinion. All the way through, the radical distinction between counsel and command, the neglect of which is responsible for the haziness and self-contradiction of much non-Catholic theology, was lost sight of, to the great perplexity of speakers and audience. Arrangements made for the continuance of the work, as well as a list of the resolutions carried at the various meetings, make the Record of permanent value.

For those who have not leisure to read the Reports or the Record the Rev. Edward Shillito's *Christian Citizenship: the Story and Meaning of C.O.P.E.C.* affords a ready means of becoming acquainted with the aims and achievements of the movement. He discusses each of the reports in turn, noting what was commonly accepted, but also admitting, honestly enough, the want of agreement on grave points, to which the lack of any teaching authority necessarily exposed the various commissions. We are pleased to notice a cordial appreciation (page 6) of the great work done by the late Father Plater, in the cause of social betterment.

3—MEDIÆVAL PHILOSOPHY¹

THE scholar to whom this supplementary volume of the *Beiträge* is dedicated in honour of his seventieth year is not much known abroad, but his friends and disciples are a sufficient advertisement for him, and the enthusiastic dedication from one so learned in these studies as Mgr. Grabmann. Mediæval philosophy, at all events at its best, had an intellectual life of its own, all the healthier for not being periodically shaken to its foundations; and Cardinal Ehrle himself incidentally pleads in this volume (p. 30) that it is not so uniform and monotonous as might at first sight appear. It is Cardinal Ehrle, again, who has laid it down in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (1880) and elsewhere, that a proper devotion to St. Thomas Aquinas requires that all the processes of the higher criticism, so far as they are sane and sound, should be applied to himself and his life and his works. In this duty of fitting him, as it were, into his intellectual environment, with antecedents and contemporaries and developments, no better work, we should imagine, has been done than that of the *Beiträge*, in the editing of which the Cardinal himself bore a part. To the present *Festgabe*, also, he contributes a study of great learning and research upon the English Dominican Nicolas Trivet, whose literary and philosophical and theological activities belong to the beginning of the fourteenth century. He commented upon books of the Old and New Testament, upon some patristic and historical and classical works (including the *Ludus de morte Claudii*, even nowadays ascribed to the all too serious Seneca!), and also upon the Sentences of Peter Lombard, besides producing *Quodlibeta* and *Quæstiones Disputatæ*. He defended the Immaculate Conception (provoking the angry retort that as a Dominican he was *quasi ex iure exclusus* from such a view), quotes the *venerabilis doctor frater Thomas de Aquino* with much respect and always under this title, writing therefore before the canonization in 1323, and rejects the erroneous views of the Dominican John of Paris upon the Real Presence, as did others of the Order. And there are other interesting points upon which we cannot touch, and indeed the other articles are also of interest, though not to the same degree.

While we cannot but admire the intellectual activity of this time, and profit by it, we think that even then Roger Bacon had laid his finger upon the weak spot, the failure to make sure of the widest possible foundation of positive knowledge for so much

¹ *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Philosophie des Mittelalters: Festgabe Clemens Baeumker*. Dargebracht von Kardinal Franz Ehrle, S.J., M. Grabmann, etc. Münster: Aschendorff. Pp. viii. 269. Price, 8s. 6½d. 1923.

intellectual speculation. The Jewish grammarians were at their best; another Jerome did not arise to learn from them. Greek was not to begin to take its proper place in ecclesiastical studies till the fall of Constantinople. It needed another Bacon to establish experimental method. Roger, in spite of some foolish ideas, had uttered true warnings in regard of these linguistic and scientific studies, but had proved a prophet in the wilderness, perhaps because of the two great emphasis laid on general, as opposed to specialized knowledge; to-day the mistake is not likely, we hope, to be repeated.

4—THE RELIGIOUS STATE¹

THIS is a lengthy work on the law affecting Religious by a competent hand. The greater part of it consists of a commentary on most of the Canons of the Code which deal with Religious. This commentary will be found helpful and sound. The Canons dealing with the administration of property and with the dismissal of Religious are not commented on. This could have been done within the limits of this volume had not Father Choupin incorporated lengthy and rather wearisome extracts from a well known work of Father Gautrelet, S.J., on the Religious life as a state of perfection, on the obligation of aiming at perfection, on the vows, and on Community life. A good deal of this is long-winded and the treatment of the obligation of aiming at perfection is confused because two distinct things are dealt with under the same heading. The work would have gained by the omission of a great deal of this part which might well have been replaced by short concise statements of what was required. The treatment here of the vow of poverty would provide a model of what is meant. It would be well too if in a book like this the quotation of St. Matthew's Gospel v, 48, which has a very different bearing, were not used except in the sense made clear by the context.

Further remarks or suggestions, with a view to improving a valuable book, might be made as follows. Is it necessary that in a Congregation in which only temporary vows are taken the vows should be taken with the intention of being renewed? (p. 24). Is not the requisite stability obtained by the fact that the renewal of them is provided for and looked upon as the normal thing? In dealing with Canons 519 and 522 the statement is made that touching Canon 519 no change has been made in the law laid down in the decree of August 5th, 1913, *In au-*

¹ *Nature et Obligation de l'état religieux : discipline actuelle : traité de l'état religieux du P. Gautrelet, S.J., entièrement refondu et accommodé au nouveau droit par Lucien Choupin, S.J., Docteur en Théologie et en Droit Canon.* Pp. x. 552. Paris: Beauchesne. Price, 14 francs.

dientia (p. 212), whereas in Canon 522 we have an extension of the liberty given to nuns by the decree, *Cum de Sacramentalibus* of the same year. It would be interesting to have Father Choupin's opinion as to whether the words, "ad suæ conscientiæ quietem," in Canon 519, and "ad suæ conscientiæ tranquillitatem," of Canon 522, make no practical difference. And if not what is the purport of Canon 876, § 1? One would gather that the answer to the former question would be "No," but an explicit treatment of the question would be useful. Again, an explicit statement with regard to Canon 523 would be a help, viz., May a priest approved for the confessions of women in diocese A. validly and lawfully hear the confession of a nun who is seriously ill in diocese B. without any approbation from the bishop of B.? In the treatment of the studies to be gone through by male Religious destined for Holy Orders there was room for a statement as to how far the regulations existing at the time of the publication of the Code are still in force. A word of explanation on Canon 595, § 3 (p. 396), would have been useful for nuns, even though the prescription is not new. Is there not a contradiction between the statement on p. 473, that the vow of obedience includes those of poverty and chastity, and that on p. 482, that the matter of the vow of obedience is a precept imposed in virtue of the vow of obedience? On p. 487 Father Choupin takes a common view of Canon 613 and would leave the reader to infer that it was the only view possible, whereas the index to the Code takes another view. The translation of Canon 647, § 1 (p. 518), in that part which deals with the dismissal of moniales under temporary vows settles a controversy as to the meaning of the Latin, which is not at all clear, as may be seen from the various interpretations of it. But doubtless the discussion of this Canon is reserved for the further and fuller treatment of this part of the Code which Father Choupin half promises.

5—THE SETTIMANA TOMISTICA¹

UPON the occasion of the sixth centenary of his canonization, the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas conceived the project of special celebrations in his honour. The work of organization was entrusted to a committee of three, Father Bonamartini, Father Geny, S.J., and the Secretary of the Academy, Father Talamo. Upon this latter, we should gather, fell the main burden of the work, and he is also responsible for the issue of the volume before us, which contains the papers that were read. It is impossible to discuss these in detail, for they

¹ *Acta Hebdomadae Thomisticae* (19-25 Novembris, 1923). Romae: Academia Rom. S. Thomae Aq. Pp. xii. 296. Price, 20 lire. 1924.

cover a wide field; it may be enough to express an appreciation of their great value, and to congratulate the Secretary and his fellows upon the success of the whole enterprise. The Holy Father, indeed, was too well-known to favour it for the issue to be in any doubt, and he himself gave a short final address and terminated the proceedings with the apostolic benediction, after a discourse from His Eminence Cardinal Laurenti upon "St. Thomas as doctor and saint." A *Settimana Tomistica* is being held at Cambridge in the first full week of August, of much the same general character, and it is to be hoped that there, too, success will crown an undertaking so much in harmony with the Holy Father's wishes and profitable in itself.

For the serious student there is one paper in the volume before us which is of exceptional and lasting importance, and which as a matter of fact is also by far the longest. It is Mgr. Prof. Grabmann's discussion of the doctrine of St. Thomas in regard of the real distinction between essence and existence. It is not in itself controversial, but historical; Mgr. Grabmann is in the very front rank of students of mediæval philosophy, and it is largely from unpublished scholastic treatises of the thirteenth century, from the witness both of disciples and opponents of St. Thomas, that he seeks to prove that the doctrine of the real distinction goes back to St. Thomas himself. To our thinking he proves it; he will be a bold man indeed who henceforth endeavours to maintain the contrary! Yet a certain problem remains, and probably always will remain; the problem of those who find it difficult to accept such a doctrine as self-evident, and who of course find it still more difficult and dangerous to rest a great part of philosophy and theology upon what so many acute minds have regarded as an insecure foundation. His Eminence Cardinal Billot, it is true, appears to long for the day when all Catholic philosophers will be united in the "philosophy of the 24 propositions" (pp. 22, 27); but it must be remembered that the *Studiorum Ducem*, significant in its commendation of St. Thomas, is no less significant in its injunction that the liberty hitherto enjoined in Catholic schools in regard of questions hitherto commonly disputed is not to be curtailed. It would be a very grave step to enforce such a philosophic doctrine as that of the real distinction—which few or none, surely, would venture to say is contained in the deposit of faith—upon the whole Church of Christ. The Holy See, it may safely be said, has deliberately refused to take such a step. Therein even those who hold such a view—not a few of whom belong to the Society of Jesus, like Cardinal Billot himself, the most distinguished of her living theologians—will be content to acknowledge the wisdom of moderation.

6—SOME PROBLEMS OF HISTORY¹

IF we are late in noticing this fourth series of the Abbé Vacandard's *Etudes de Critique et d'Histoire religieuse* it is certainly not because we are wanting in appreciation for the excellence of the contents of the volume. Miscellaneous essays like these, reprinted from periodical literature, are apt to grow a little stale and consequently unappetizing before they come before the reader in book form, but most of the questions here dealt with, though they have no connection one with another, have a perennial interest. That upon "St. Peter's Roman Apostolate" which occupies the first place may be particularly commended at the present moment in view of the recent discussions occasioned by Professor Merrill's ridiculous pretension to throw new light upon this threadbare theme. We only regret that the paper is so short and that the archæological aspects of the problem have hardly been touched upon. In the papers on Pope Joan and the so-called papal prophecy of St. Malachy, Abbé Vacandard is good enough to refer to and express concurrence with the articles which have previously appeared in these pages. Probably the most painstaking and permanently valuable item in the collection is the discussion as to the authenticity of the Life of St. Geneviève of Paris. All who have in any way studied the hagiography of the Merovingian period will be familiar with the acrimonious debate which has gone on for some years between Bruno Krusch and sundry other scholars, especially Mgr. Duchesne and Professor Kurth, both alas recently taken from us. M. Vacandard supplies an admirable summary of the intricacies of this discussion and he makes it very clear that the victory must be assigned to the defenders of this venerable document. A review of the more technical features of the debate has wisely been relegated to an appendix. Another rather lengthy essay also covers ground with which our readers have been made familiar in THE MONTH, viz., the history of the *Salve Regina*. In this case, if we mistake not, M. Vacandard's contribution to the subject, here reprinted, preceded our own in point of date. For the rest there is a good outline of the famous controversy as to the author of the Imitation, and also a castigation of M. Grillon de Givry's brochure which revives the long exploded theory that St. Joan of Arc did not really perish at the stake, but was spirited away and survived to become the mother of a family of children. It must suffice to say that with regard to almost all the points dealt with in the volume M. Vacandard's delivers a verdict which in our judgment must be endorsed by all sober and thoughtful scholars.

¹ *Etudes de Critique et d'Histoire religieuse*. Par E. Vacandard. 4^{ème} Série. Paris: Lecoffre. Pp. x. 268. Price, 7 francs. 1923.

7—JEANNE CHARLOTTE DE BRÉCHARD¹

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites is at present enquiring into the virtues of a Sister of the Visitation, who may almost be called a co-foundress with St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and in order to help on the cause, the Visitation Sisters of Harrow have lately published her life. These two "valiant women" were originally presented together for canonization, but it was deemed advisable to withhold the cause of Mother de Bréchard until St. Chantal was definitely raised to the altars. This was accomplished in 1767, but for various reasons the investigation into the life and virtues of her saintly companion was not seriously undertaken until last year (1923).

The present biography is very readable, having been carefully constructed, well written and excellently printed. The writer has shown great discrimination in her choice of material, the abundance of which has made selection a matter of some skill.

Jeanne Charlotte de Bréchard came of a noble family of Burgundy—a province "remarkable for the rich soil that lies beneath a stony rugged surface." It is not fanciful to see in this description words which are applicable also to Jeanne Charlotte's character, the "rugged surface" of which needed ploughing and breaking up before the "rich soil" could bear fruit. The Divine Cultivator knew how to use His tools, for, in spite of the very harsh treatment she endured in her early youth, she never lost her faith and trust in God's mercy. Her childhood reads like an unwholesome fairy tale. Left to the charge of unscrupulous servants, she suffered a veritable martyrdom from their neglect and ill-treatment. At twelve years of age, she was confided to the care of some Benedictine nuns, but, sad to say, she seemed to fare little better: instead of educating the child, they made her a household drudge, subjecting her to every sort of indignity. Perhaps, nothing more could be expected, for these so-called Religious were, in fact, living in open violation of all three vows.

After a year or two, she returned to her father's house, where again she met with every conceivable moral danger, but passed unscathed through it all. The "ploughing and harrowing" having been effectively done, the time came for the warm sunshine of human love to make the rich soil bear fruit.

Jeanne Charlotte, in effect, came under the influence of St. Francis de Sales and St. Chantal, and after an unsuccessful attempt at the Carmelite life, she decided to join the new Order

¹ *The Life of Jeanne Charlotte de Bréchard*. By a Sister of the Visitation, Harrow. London: Longmans. Pp. xi. 255. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

of the Visitation. Her ardent loving nature, her courage in facing difficulties, and her great talent for organization, made her an invaluable foundation stone, and she soon became St. Chantal's right hand. Henceforth her life was given to the Order she loved so dearly.

This interesting monograph ends with a chapter on the "Spirit of the Visitation" wherein we are told that the Sisters must "strive to annihilate self by a most comprehensive form of effacement." The writer has certainly achieved this ideal in the present work, but what is of high merit in Religious life is not always so praiseworthy in art and literature. Had she but coloured her story with some of her own enthusiasm, or allowed a little imagination to play on the portrait, she would have reproduced the sketch of a living woman, instead of painting a somewhat remote character, admirable, of course, for her high virtues, yet, one feels, not so lovable as she might have been represented.

SHORT NOTICES.

BIBLICAL.

A VALUABLE addition to the students' books of reference is provided by the Rev. T. D. Williams's **Concordance of the Proper Names in the Holy Scriptures** (Herder: 25s.), a work of immense labour since it gives not only the place in which each proper name is to be found but also quotes enough of the text in each case to show the sense of the passage embodying the name, and explains besides its etymological meaning. A useful appendix on the "Names of God," *i.e.*, the various titles under which the Deity is mentioned in Holy Scripture is added.

MORAL.

The clergy will welcome Father Thomas Slater's essays on **Points of Church Law, Mysticism and Morality** (B.O. & W.: 5s.), for they deal with questions constantly occurring to the minds of their flocks regarding the nature and extent of their obligations as practical Catholics. This is a book which will solve many doubts. As Church Law itself has been recently modified, even the well-educated may sometimes be at a loss to know the precise bearing of many regulations concerning such things as the Sacraments, Fasting, joining in heretical worship, Secret Societies, etc. Our only regret is that it is not much more exhaustive.

We are glad to welcome a second edition of Father Hull's **Why Should I be Moral** (Herder: 12 annas), that shrewd piece of dialectic which ruthlessly opposes the unsoundness of all the alleged bases of morality, except that which rests on religion and God. Non-Catholic philosophers in trying to establish an absolute morality without religion have plunged into one marsh after another, and Father Hull has a congenial task in exhibiting them floundering.

The endeavour to justify the West to the East, and to show the superiority of Christian civilization over all other forms, led to Father

Hull elaborating **A Practical Philosophy of Life** (Herder: 1.4 rupees), which has had a great success. This has prompted an issue of a Second Part wherein the principles which underlie right conduct are more exhaustively discussed. His exponent is the same as in Part I., viz., Herr Schneebels, a genial philosopher with a thorough knowledge of human nature, a clear vision of the ultimate, and an abundant store of experience wherewith to illustrate his dicta. Many who could not read a formal treatise will find these desultory discussions, which yet have a logical framework, very interesting, and will thus gain a thorough grasp of Christian philosophy.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

It is a fact that religious and philosophic life in Germany is undergoing very profound modifications in a Catholic direction. There is, on the one hand, a decided weakening of Kantian influence combined with a return to the objective, realistic standpoint of ancient Greece and the Christian Middle Ages; while, on the other, a movement towards the theology and philosophy of St. Augustine is gaining ground. Father Przywara, in his **Religions-Begründung** (Herder: 7.50 fr.), succeeds in giving a clear and comprehensive exposition of these tendencies. He lays especial stress upon Max Scheler whose system of values as a foundation for religion he criticizes with a view to a solution of the various problems that author suggests. Father Przywara is well-known by his studies on the religious philosophy of Cardinal Newman and his present work shows how deeply he has read and how clearly understood the mind of the great English philosopher. No less thorough is his study of St. Augustine on the basis of whose writings he aims at reconstructing the moral and religious life. Father Przywara does not provide food for infants. His highly technical way of expressing his ideas tends at times to somewhat obscure the line of his argument. The book, however, is written for the specialists in religious philosophy.

In his book, **Naturwissenschaft-Weltauschaung-Religion** (Herder: 3s.), Dr. Reinke shows that inductive methods and analogical reasoning are capable of bridging the gulf between the physical and metaphysical world. Can the wonders of Nature be explained by mere chance or do they postulate a being endowed with infinite wisdom? He answers that we can understand Nature only if we admit it to be a revelation of God, and that in that sense the knowledge of Nature affords a basis for religion. Prof. Reinke makes clear that Haeckel's scientific charlatanism was founded on nothing more solid than anti-theistic prejudice. Written in a very simple style the book is meant for the general reader who wishes to instruct himself in the arguments against materialistic Evolution and pseudo-science.

DEVOTIONAL.

Father Wasmann, the author of **Christian Monism** (B.O. & W.: 4s. net), is known as one of the most eminent of German zoologists and has earned special distinction by his investigations into the life and habits of ants. The appearance of a Jesuit as man of science led to the strange objection that the rôles were incompatible, the researches and theories of the theologian being vitiated by his presuppositions. It was easy enough for the Jesuit to turn the tables on his adversaries

and to show that they themselves were prejudiced and that their observations and conclusions were apt to be vitiated by their prejudices, above all, by the false assumption that "nature" explained everything and that the supernatural was a delusion. Father Wasmann sees, in this insistence on a purely natural "monism," the fundamental error of the modern scientist. He sympathizes as a philosopher with man's search for a unifying and inclusive system of thought, and in this little book he writes as a theologian who would guide his fellow-scientists to the truth for which they are groping. The monism of science he clearly sees to be indistinguishable from Atheism. It may speak of an "intra-mundane or immanent God, filling the All with the divine presence and raising man to a true fellowship with himself," but in this it is masquerading in the clothes of religion. It is the aim of this little book of meditation to show how all this and more is realized in the Christian revelation. In a series of considerations on the world of spirits, the omnipresence of God through all nature, the Incarnation, and union with God through Christ, Father Wasmann develops his theme, combining always the unction of the priest with the knowledge of the savant. The book should be of use to those who have the care of study clubs and young men's societies. "Since the great World War," says Father Wasmann, "the monistic conception of the world is beginning on all sides to revive its antichristian propaganda." We must make ready both for defence and attack.

A very useful manual, both for clergy and laity, is the **Précieux Trésors des Indulgences** (Marietti: 9.00 l.), compiled by Père J. Lacau, S.C.J., for it contains first of all a doctrinal explanation of the subject, then the indulgences attached to various objects of devotion with the formulæ for imposing them, and finally a selection of indulgenced prayers. Not so exhaustive as the well-known *Raccolta*, it has yet the advantage of being thoroughly up to date.

Mother Drane's instructions to her novices, first published in 1896 with the title **The Daily Life of a Religious** (Sands: 2s. net), has reached a third impression. Sound, practical and fervent, they will benefit all who read them, even though no longer *in statu pupillari*.

Père Valuy's **Le Directoire du Prêtre** (Tèqui: 3.00 fr.) is well known amongst us in an English translation, but has gone out of print in French after the 17th edition. Abbé E. Bouhéliér has revised and enlarged this *petit chef-d'œuvre* in the hope that it will continue its *fécond apostolat*.

CANON LAW.

Père Cotel's famous work on the principles of the religious life, which first appeared in French in 1861 and has given, in some score of editions, light and strength to innumerable souls, has at last been translated by Father W. H. McCabe, S.J., from Père Jombart's revision (28th edition harmonized with the New Code) and appears as **Catechism of the Vows** (Benziger: \$0.50) in a neat format. We do not doubt that it will continue its good work.

HOMILETIC.

The second volume of **St. Bernard's Sermons** (Browne and Nolan: 10s. net), which we owe to the piety and literary skill of one of his sons at Mount Melleray has followed hard upon the first, providing rich

material for spiritual reading on the principal Sundays and festivals of the year. Some sermons on St. Malachy and extracts from St. Bernard's life of that saint are included. Explanatory notes are added where necessary by the translator.

If well-digested and logically-arranged the frame-work of a sermon is more likely to be of use to another preacher than the discourse written out. The **Rough Sermon Notes on the Sunday Gospels** (Sands: 3s. 6d. net), which a "Parish Priest" offers to his brethren will be found, we think, useful as a stimulus to thought and not altogether as a substitute for it.

Mgr. Hugh T. Henry, well-known to English readers by his writings on Hymnology in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, has invested, in his **Hints to Preachers** (Benziger Bros.: \$1.50), a well-worn subject with something of poetic freshness. He has mastered its literature, old and modern, as his bibliography shows, and has omitted none of its aspects. The book would make an excellent present to an ecclesiastical student, but even the veteran will find it helpful.

HISTORICAL.

In **A Guide to World-History** (Longmans: 15s. net), Mr. Andrew Reid Cowan undertakes to enumerate and to apply "all the fundamental principles necessary in evaluating world-history." The book is, as he tells us, the fruit of many years of laborious study and speculation. The views put forward are, the author thinks, rigidly scientific. He has laid down and demonstrated, not some, but *all*, of the great laws of history; he has thoroughly "rationalized" his subject. Briefly, the author's theory is that human progress is entirely due to the inventive faculty in man. Man is a tool-using animal. This is his fundamental faculty, distinguishing him from the brutes, and the starting-point of his civilization. Every stage of progress is associated with some new development of this faculty. Gunpowder and printing are the best examples of such epoch-making developments in modern times. The former ensured the final victory for civilization over nomadism, the latter fostered the peculiarly modern spirit of nationalism.

There is nothing startlingly original in these views, nor can we honestly say that the author's exposition and illustration of them is at all felicitous. The style is heavy and undignified, needlessly didactic and painfully explanatory. The writer seems to have too often forgotten that he was writing for those who might be entitled to an opinion of their own. In spite of his persevering industry, there is no great evidence of research or of independent thought in the work. If we take, for example, his treatment of the Reformation or of the Napoleonic era, we find nothing but the barest enumeration of causes and conditions, and a few trite observations, tediously drawn-out. The author is in the habit of referring his readers to encyclopædias for treatment of points omitted by himself, and we cannot but feel that much of his own work derives from the same source. Surely, of all subjects, Universal History is the one that most of all calls for competent scholarship. The treatment of religion throughout the work strikes us as especially perfunctory, not to say slovenly. Bad workmanship would appear to be Mr. Cowan's method of intimating his contempt for theology and all its works. On the whole, we feel that he lacks the

imagination and the breadth of sympathy required for his great task.

Mr. Belloc is anything but objective; his is the philosophy of history. Consequently, in his **Europe and the Faith** (Constable: 7s. 6d. net), a new and much cheaper impression of a book which we reviewed at length in December, 1920, we find a thesis clearly set forth and brilliantly maintained, which is not a narrative but a selection of facts, illustrating the nature and growth of the Catholic Tradition which is the basis and framework of civilization. That proposition has been attacked from various quarters, but Mr. Belloc reckons so little of his assailants that in this re-issue he has altered no word of the original. No believer in the divine origin and basis of the Church can quarrel with his main position.

Drawing mainly on the old Chronicles, Mr. R. T. Williamson has constructed a very readable historical narrative which he calls **Before the Norman Conquest** (Andrew Reid and Co.: 3s.). No better way can be found of getting at the *mind* of early times—at their faith and their outlook—than by studying the words of contemporaries, without the gloss of later conceptions, which in the case of English History especially has resulted in so much falsification.

It is strange that, in spite of its condemnation by the Church, the gloomy heresy of Jansenism should still find its defenders in France, and that learned professors should try to rehabilitate a cause which has ceased to have any living adherents. The existence of several such attempts in late years gives special value to the Abbé Léon Bournet's **La Querelle Janseniste** (Tèqui: 8.00 fr.), which is an exhaustive digest of the whole dispute, impartial and candid, but never compromising the truth. The author is a Professor of Ecclesiastical History and numerous biographies evidence the thoroughness of his researches.

BIOGRAPHY.

By all accounts—those of his friends collected in **An Anglo-Catholic's Thoughts on Religion** (Longmans: 7s. 6d. net), and edited by Dr. W. J. Sparrow-Simpson, and those contributed unconsciously by his sermons and addresses which form the body of the book—the late Rev. G. C. Rawlinson, of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, seems to have been a very lovable character. He was a sincerely-religious, many-sided man, a deep student of French religious and theological literature, possessed of humour and a gift of expression, which he placed at the disposal of the *Church Times*. One wonders why one with so keen an eye to the radical weaknesses of the Anglican position, and with such intimate knowledge of Catholic spiritual writings, was content to remain where he was. Seemingly it was because he thought that the Anglican “sacraments” produced exactly the same spiritual type as do the Catholic—an argument which, with the breakdown of logic and history, is becoming prominent in Anglican controversy, and which would justify any fervent Dissenter for remaining in Dissent. This very readable book will give Catholics a clear insight into advanced Anglican mentality.

Half of the eight very charming **Franciscan Essays** (Sands: 4s. net), written by Father Dominic Devas, O.F.M., are already familiar to readers of **THE MONTH**. Of the others, that on “Francis a Santa Clara” (Davenport), the theologian who strove manfully, long before Newman, to give a Catholic sense to the Thirty-nine Articles, will be found to-day

the most interesting. Father Francis made the mistake, nowadays impossible to the well-instructed, of treating Anglicanism as a Church. Father Devas possesses in a marked degree the first requisite in an historian, unalloyed zeal for the truth.

Mr. Shane Leslie's **Memoirs of Gordon Shephard** (Privately Printed) contains a vivid sketch, largely autobiographical, of a short and daring life of thirty-two years, the manhood of which was divided between sailing a small yacht in all weathers in the North Sea and the Baltic, and service in the Flying Corp during the war. The picture presented by logs and letters, filled in by the biographer's comments, is of remarkable interest—a simple unspoiled nature, untouched by common lusts and ambitions, despising comforts and loving adventure, a born leader, a staunch friend, a loving son. He was killed by an accident to his plane in the last year of the war, the youngest Brigadier-General in the Army, leaving a fragrant memory and a stimulating example. He was buried as a Catholic, though we find no record of his having been formally received into his mother's Church.

Dr. Edmund Nied, in **Heiligenverehrung und Namengebung** (Herder: 1s.), a pamphlet on the cult of the saints and their names, has brought together extensive materials for the study of ecclesiastical biography. His book, though primarily devoted to the study of German family-names, contains an inquiry into the origin of the names of all the popular saints of mediæval Germany. About 4,000 German family-names are thus traced back to their hagiological origin. According to his preface, the author has spent many a year over his subject and his results have been highly appreciated by authorities competent in the matter.

Father Peter Dahmen, in his study, **Robert de Nobili, S.J.** (Aschen-dorffschen verlagsbuchhandlung: Münster: 3s. 4d.), gives a very interesting account of the great missionary's methods of evangelization among the Hindus. Robert de Nobili was the first to use what may be called, the adaptation-method and, in so far, his apostolate is of especial significance to students of missionary policies among pagans. Yet, in spite of his importance in the history of mission-work, there has been hitherto no biographical account of the great missionary. De Nobili was not only an energetic apostle but also a very erudite student of Sanscrit, and as such he occupies a significant place in the literary and philological history of the Sanscrit language. All this, and much more of interest, is set forth in Father Dahmen's learned study, which, moreover, vindicates the holy Jesuit, who became a Brahman in order to convert that caste, from the charge of compromising the Faith.

SOCIAL THEORY.

The student of economics and social science will find in Father Heinrich Pesch's **Des wissenschaftlichen Socialismus Irrgang und Ende** (Herder: 1s.), i.e., "The fallacies and collapse of scientific Socialism," an illuminating exposition of the sophisms underlying the Marxian system. His theories of value and average profits especially are examined with scientific impartiality, and the upshot of this scrutiny is that the last two generations of scientific socialists have been dazzled and misled by the semblance of the scientific accuracy in the elaboration of Marx's ideas; that materialist of genius, starting from preconceived concepts, tried to make the facts fit in with his theory. The facts, how-

ever, are shown by Father Pesch, than whom no more energetic and formidable opponent of false socialism has arisen in Germany, to be altogether unamenable to such treatment.

POETRY.

Victorian poetry, with the characteristics of its period very definitely illustrated, comes to the reader of to-day with a charm of its own. The poetry of John Byrne Leicester Warron, Lord de Tabley, first appeared in 1859. The poet died in 1895. "At his best," says Mr. John Drinkwater, in the extremely interesting and suggestive introduction to the **Select Poems**, "he was not merely a small poet imitating these greater ones (Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, etc.) but an authentic maker, drawing his variable inspiration from the same sources that worked in the masters of the time to an ampler though not always a richer gathering." Lord de Tabley, in short, had a gift for posterity and the poetry-lover will find delight in seeking it in the always delectable pages of his poems collected under the present title. The volume is published by Mr. Humphrey Milford, and is one of the series known as the *Oxford Miscellany*, issued at the Oxford University Press, price 3s. 6d.

The Poems of Janet Erskine Stuart (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net) are intimacies into which we are privileged to peep by special dispensation, as it were, for they were not written for publication. From this fact they draw their power. The strong, deep thoughts of a soul with its eyes ever fixed on God—seeing all near things vividly, but always in relation to God—these find utterance in verse which flows easily. One feels that, had Mother Stuart not possessed this gift of facile versification, no poem would have given expression to her thought, for she had no leisure for laboured literary work, and she was temperamentally incapable of hasty, inartistic production. Their spontaneity is part of the inspiration. The thoughts thus embodied are the thoughts of the heart which clamour for an unburdening. They contain the answer to questions, problems that propose themselves to faith and patience; always the true, life-giving, invigorating answer of an intensely active mind in perfect equipoise. They have a high spiritual value which is nowhere diminished by the mixed motive of a conscious artistry; still less desecrated by the inartistry which deliberately fashions an imperfect vehicle. Father Roche, S.J., has written a preface to the volume which will help readers to appreciate these revelations of "a moral strength that treats its sorrows sacredly."

As in the case of the poems of Mother Stuart, a paper binding and a sensible price (one shilling) bear testimony to the fact that there is a public which needs no beguiling for Miss Beatrice Chase's **Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor** (Longmans). This is a re-issued cheap edition for which previous success has created a demand. When a volume of verse introduces itself to the public without the embellishment of a "delightful format" it should be a voucher for the contents. Miss Chase's poems on Dartmoor are too well known to need further comment than that they embody the most characteristic moods of one who is perhaps more in the secret of Dartmoor than any other writer; and one who, in discoursing with Nature, still has her "conversation in Heaven."

Night's Triumphs, by Ernest Osgood Hanburg (Vine Press, Steyning),

is a volume of verse dedicated to Nature worship. It records, we are pre-warned, moods sincerely felt, and as sincerely expressed. We quote the last lines from a poem "to Burns, after visiting Highland Mary's Tomb": "All, all is best, and he doth rest, a God confest." The capital may be a peculiarity of the Vine Press, but even with a small "g" such a "record of a love for Nature" would be of too pagan a character for readers of this magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A handsome volume, entitled, **Great Christian Artists** (Bruce Publishing Co.: \$3.50), by Edward F. Garesché, S.J., like so many books on art, recommends itself by its mere appearance. Good paper, wide margins, large type, and plentiful pictures, are obvious attractions. *Great Christian Artists*, moreover, will improve upon acquaintance. Its text gathers together a mass of instructive information and criticism on the world's greatest artists, not without the interesting personal note of the author who has seen most of the paintings which he here exhibits with pride and reverence. In all there are here eighty-three full-page reproductions of masterpieces by da Vinci, Michelangelo, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Murillo, Rubens, and Van Dyck.

Guide-books to holy places are generally useful but not inspiring; on the other hand, there are often found books to inspire which are otherwise useless to a pilgrim, for while telling of edifying things about the saint who lived or died there, they generally omit most of the little things a stranger wants to know. In **Our Pilgrimage to France** (Sands and Co.: 3s. 6d. net), the Rev. F. M. Dreves has blended these two qualities so admirably as to form at once a unique and charming book. Being the outcome of a series of letters to the students of St. Peter's College, Freshfield, there is a delightful personal touch, and just the things one wants to know seem always to be told. Those who cannot visit the shrines of France should not miss this book, for by it one is effectively taken to Lourdes, Lisieux, Ars, Paray-le-Monial, etc., and those who contemplate making a pilgrimage will find it a most useful guide. It is beautifully illustrated with photographs.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The **Catholic Mind** for May and June (four numbers, 5 c. each) preserves a useful assortment of articles and papers gleaned from the current press. "The Ruthenians" (May 6th), "Class Distinctions" (May 22nd), "Catholic Landmarks in New York" (June 8th), and the "History of Charles Carroll" (June 22nd), are items of most general interest.

The C.T.S. has published two valuable expository twopenny pamphlets, **The Godhead of Christ as Portrayed in the Gospels**, by Father Hugh Pope, O.P., and **The Gospel Story of the Resurrection and Ascension**, by Father Raymond Devas, O.P.

The Rev. E. O'Hannlain, C.M., drawing on his experience of "the man in the street," has written a pamphlet, **Answering the Call** (Sands: 6d.), to meet his peculiar mentality and lead it to the acceptance of the Catholic Religion. The C.E.G. and others will find it useful.

The Poor Clares of Notting Hill, an enclosed community of the Church penitent, have issued at 4d. a neatly printed, well written account

of **Saint Collette**, one of the holy women raised up by God for the reform of the Franciscan Orders. It makes edifying and inspiring reading.

Another of God's hidden "power-houses," the Canonesses Regular of St. Augustine at Hoddesdon, have had the enterprise to issue under skilled literary editorship a monthly periodical called **St. Philomena's Bell**. It is excellently got up, costs only 2d., and in addition to providing intellectual entertainment, calls attention to the good work, done and projected, by the holy religious.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

The Catholic Mind. Nos. 10, 11, 12.
Vol. XXII. 5c. each.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Batailles d'Idées sur les problèmes de Dieu, du Bien, du Vrai. By A. Bouysonie. Pp. 369. Price, 11.00fr.
Christianisme et Catholicisme. By Prof. Gabriel Brunhes. Pp. xxix. 460. Price, 13.20 fr.
Verbum Salutis. I. Evangile selon Saint Matthieu. By A. Durand, S.J. Pp. xiv. 500. Price, 14.00 fr.

BEYAERT, Bruges.

La Légende de Notre Dame. Translated with notes by J. Nothomb, S.J. Pp. xi. 236. Price, 6.00 fr.
Le Récit du Pèlerin. 2e édit. By E. Thibaut, S.J. Pp. 182. Price, 4.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE,
London.

The Lives of the Brethren, O.P. Translated by Fr. P. Conway, O.P. Pp. xvi. 294. Price, 5s.
The Forgotten Paraclete. Translated by E. Leahy, from the French of Mgr. Landrieux. Pp. ix. 145. Price, 3s. 6d.
Hymns from the Liturgy. Translated by J. Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. Pp. ix. 98. Price, 3s. 6d.
God's Book of the Holy Child. By M. St. S. Ellerker, O.S.D. Pp. ix. 108. Price, 2s. 6d.
St. Gregory the Great. By Right Rev. Abbot Snow. 2nd edition. Pp. xii. 357. Price, 7s. 6d.
Christ's Likeness in History and Art. By G. E. Meille. Pp. 178. Price, 12s. 6d.

BURT & Co., Alfreton.

Grumbling Thumbs. By Mrs. M. M. Foster. 2nd edition. Pp. 24. Price, 1s.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, Washington.

The Clausulæ in St. Augustine's De Civitate Dei. By Rev. G. Reynolds, B.A. Pp. xi. 67. *The Principle*

of Apperception in the Teaching of Christ. By Sister Marie Louis Hummel, A.M. Pp. 125. *The Rule of Faith in the Ecclesiastical Writings of the first two Centuries*. By Rev. A. J. Coan, O.F.M., S.T.L. Pp. v. 116. *The Influence of the Second Sophistic on the Style of the Sermons of S. Basil the Great*. By J. M. Campbell, A.M. Pp. xvi. 155.

LONGMANS, London.

The Proceedings of C.O.P.E.C. Edited by Rev. Will Reason. Pp. xi. 295. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
Benedictine Monachism. By Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. 2nd edition. Pp. x. 424. Price, 10s. 6d. n.
Christian Citizenship. By Rev. E. Shillito. Pp. vii. 118. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
The Pilgrim's Progress. Lecture by J. W. Mackail. Pp. 47. Price, 3s. n.

MACMILLAN Co., New York.

Art Principles in Literature. By F. P. Donnelly. S.J. Pp. xvii. 144.

NIJHOFF, The Hague.

Early Jesuit Travellers in Central Asia. 1603-1721. By C. Wessels, S.J. Pp. xvi. 344. Price, 21s.

ROUTLEDGE & SONS, London.

French Grammar made Clear. By Abbé E. Dimnet. Pp. 240. Price, 4s. 6d. n.

SANDS & Co., London.

One Hour with Him. By the Very Rev. Mgr. J. L. J. Kirlin. Pp. xiv. 160. Price, 5s. n.
Our Pilgrimage in France. By Rev. F. M. Dreves. Pp. 256. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
The Daily Life of a Religious. By Mother Frances Raphael, O.S.D. 3rd Impression. Pp. viii. 212. Price, 2s. n.

SIGNORELLI, Rome.

Filosofia della Rivelazione. By Ascanio Mele. Pp. iv. 274. Price, 15.00l.

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[The work] "before us merits special praise in several respects. The author, first of all, pleases by his breadth of view and wide scholarship. Prevalent theories among non-Scholastics are expounded with entire fairness, and in questions controverted among Catholic philosophers, there is an unusual manifestation of intelligent impartiality."—*Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, March, 1924.

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